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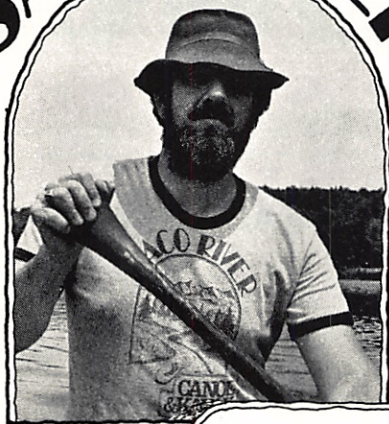
BitterSweet

FALL, 1980

The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region Vol. III, No. 10



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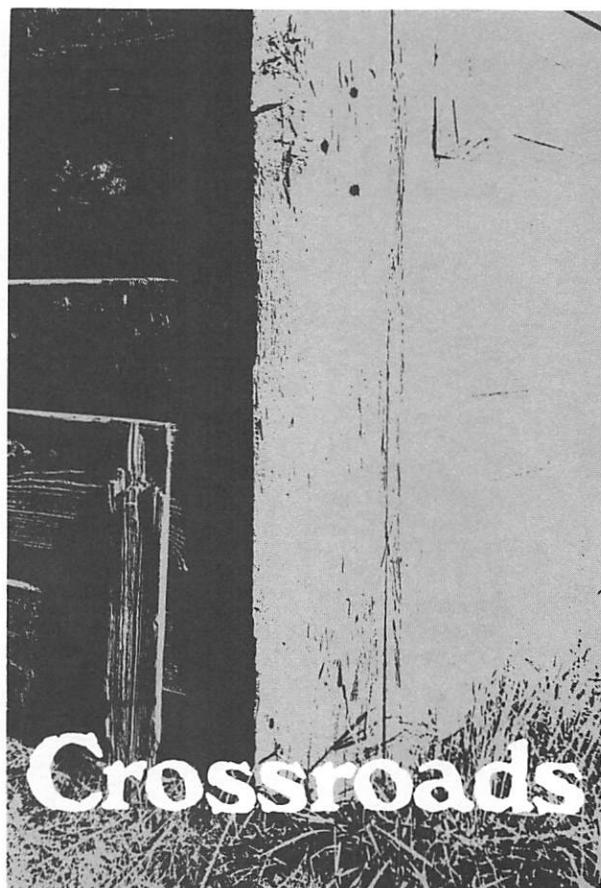
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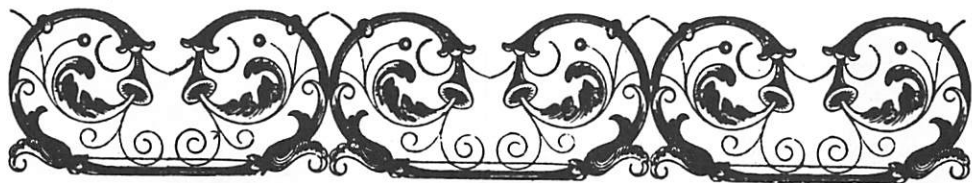
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Cover: Paula Hutchinson; **Photos:** page 2, Nancy Marcotte, page 9, Crystal Trundy; page 30, 31, 32, Old Sturbridge Village - Photos by Donald F. Eaton; page 33, Tom Marcotte. **Sketches:** page 5, Mary Wallman; page 15, 23-26, Paula Hutchinson; page 34, 38, Brenda White; page 35, Don Kerr.

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BitterSweet Views

"I love kids' stories. I guess, I never grew up myself," says Paula Hutchinson, the 28 year-old author of this month's fiction selection, "Fooling Buster Burymore," which begins on page 23.

An adaptation of one of the famed Aesop's Fables, the story marks Paula's first published appearance although a second work, a book entitled *The Laughing Place*, will soon start making the rounds if the publishing houses. It was begun while Paula was a student at Philadelphia College of Art.

"Naturally, I enjoy doing the drawings more than writing the text," explains Paula, who says she finds some of the best illustrating being turned out today as part of works for children.

In addition to preparing her own book for publication, Paula is presently illustrating 4 stories written by another local author, Doris Thurston of North Norway.

She was drawn to the tale of Buster Burymore, she says, after finding the original fable badly outdated. Its charm lay in the face that it could be fun and appealing for all ages, without losing its original moral.

A layout artist for the past five years at Western Maine Graphics in Oxford, Paula lives on Ryerson Hill in a house she and her husband, Charlie, designed and built. The place houses, her prized collection of favorite children's classics.

George Allen's passion is houses. His survey of Oxford County's most handsome homesteads has been underway for almost a year now and Associate Editor, Nancy Marcotte reviews its progress on pg. 9

Marcotte also provides in-depth identification of July's "Can You Place It?" photo—the Carding Mill and Sanderson house in South Waterford—beginning on pg. 28.

Jack Barnes sings the praises of what turns out to be not such a rare bird after all—The Scarlet Tanager—(page 7) while

JoAnneZywna Kerr writes somewhat less enthusiastically of chickens and pigs, calves and canaries on pg. 4.

Charles B. Forbes, a descendent of some of Paris' earliest settlers, has a look at some of the 462 names denoting the Oxford Hills (page 13) from "Mount" to "Knole" from "Knole" to "Notch".

Hiker Raymond York and vaconteur Charlotte Lovejoy talk with freelance writer Jennifer Wixson for a glimpse of life without automobiles (page 16 and 19). It was Charlotte's father who, at the sight of Norway's first Moxie care, went on record with his belief that there was "nothing that could even take the place of a horse."

Sandy Wilhelm

BitterSweet

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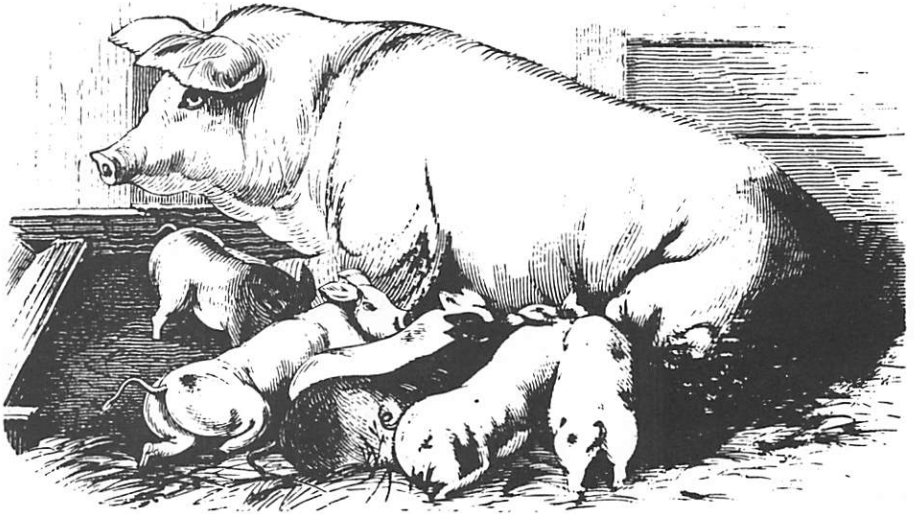
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Homesteading Syndrome

by JoAnne Zywna Kerr



Obviously a man ahead of his time, my father began homesteading in the 1950's. First, he bought two rabbits. Within two years, he proudly exhibited a mountain of hutches, filled with bright eyed, long eared, multi-colored, nameless *Oryctolagus cuniculus*. The day the two beagles bayed, broke their chains, and charged the cages,

room adjacent to the garage, the chickens most often roamed the yard or Mom's garden. Dad loved the chickens' varied colors made pets of the bantams. We children never did find all the places where those chickens laid their eggs.

When a chicken was needed for Sunday dinner, Dad would buy a couple of six packs.

"Each Sunday, three things were certain. We, as a family, would attend second mass at St. Joseph's, the Boy Scouts would stop for newspapers and magazines for the paper drive, and the pigs would get out."

shattering the plywood sides, the rabbits scattered, never to be retrieved.

Dad lamented, "I was about to start killing those critters for stew. Now, I guess I'll have to hunt this fall." And how his eyes danced at the reprieve from, and the prospect of, providing meat for the table.

Next, he purchased chickens: Rhode Island Reds, exotic bantams, and a few breeds unknown to the rest of us. The purpose of the variety was to determine the best procedure, the heartiest breed. The rooster was ordinary, from Grandma's New Hampshire flock. Sometimes housed in the

After drinking six beers, he'd grab the axe. Having completed the dastardly deed, he'd carry the carcass to the cellar to dip in pails of scalding water, plucking the feathers while mournfully sipping another beer. By the time he reached the pin feathers, he would be red eyed. Every Sunday dinner, he praised chickens, ate little. He finally decided that it was cheaper to buy eggs than to buy all that grain.

Then there were the pigs, always two; one for eating, one for selling. A pen of sorts was hastily assembled at the abandoned rabbit hutch site. Swine are among the most intelli-

gent mammals. They are also creatures of habit, preferring cleanliness to the muddy, excrement-filled areas to which they are usually confined. As piglets, they romped around the yard with us children, and when older and penned, they attentively listened as Dad earnestly conversed with them during his troubled times.

Each Sunday, three things were certain. We, as a family, would attend second mass at St. Joseph's, the Boy Scouts would stop for newspapers and magazines for the paper drive, and the pigs would get out. As we returned from church, the pigs would always be in the same spot, under the lilac hedge. As soon as a car door opened, they gamefully sprinted around the yard, following the route of their youth. Five of us would holler, position ourselves, trying to herd them to the pen. Then Dad resorted to a lasso, and we children would whoop, laugh, roll on the ground, as he missed, again and again.

When the Boy Scouts pulled in, they eagerly joined the fracas, diving on the pigs' backs, testing Scout-learned rescue techniques. The pigs ran the Scouts ragged too, dragging and squishing boys the length of the lawn.

Suddenly, tired of the outing, the pigs allowed themselves to be herded to the pen. Red-cheeked and victorious, we'd all gather in the house for a soda, and marvel at the pigs' shenanigans. Mom fumed about the late dinner, the grass-stained clothes. Dad reassured, "I'll warn those pigs about what'll happen next time they pull this!"

Why he bought a billy goat, I'll never know, but he did. As he fondly rubbed between Billy's ears, Dad warned us to beware of this animal's cantankerous personality. One day, after Dad had shown this prize goat to a friend, lauding his size and strength, the two turned to leave. Billy charged, undecorously upending Dad, not his friend. The next day, to our chagrin, Billy was gone. "No sense having an animal you can't trust," Dad growled.

At one time or another there were also horses, calves, and canaries too. "Making do, is important," Dad said. I never could figure out how canaries fit in. But I do remember it all. Homesteading was less desperate then.

□

Kerr is a writer and poet living at Weld.

You don't say

Stubborn

Many tales have been told about the Saco River, some tall, some short. I thought I had heard them all, but I was wrong. The other day I heard one of the taller variety.

It seems that a vague number of years ago there was a May flood on the Saco. It rained like domestic animals for several days and up in Conway, N.H. some place a dam let go, further adding to the confusion.

A travelling salesman was motoring briskly down Route 113 on his way to Portland. Near Hiram he came to a place where the road was covered with water. He tried to drive through it but his engine got wet and died. A nearby farmer pulled him out with his tractor. When the motor refused to start and with darkness falling, the farmer offered the salesman lodging for the night, which he gladly accepted.

Come morning they found that the river had risen almost beyond belief. It stood ready to come in the parlor door.

The house across the way which sat at a lower level was less fortunate. The water was well up on the ground floor windows.

The travelling man's eye then caught sight of a most puzzling phenomenon. On top of the water across the way a straw hat was floating and it was behaving most erratically for a hat cast upon the water. It would sail smartly along for about fifty feet and then reverse its course and return to the starting point, before repeating the cycle.

After a moment's study, the farmer explained: "Oh, that's just grandpa. He is real set in his ways. He said last night that his grass was so high that he was going to cut it tomorrow come Hell or highwater!"

*Raymond Cotton
Hiram*



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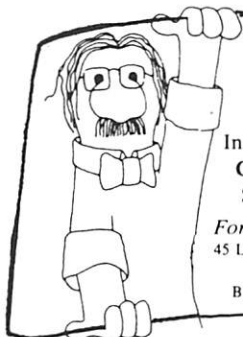


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BitterSweet Notes:

The Scarlet Tanager

by Jack Barnes

I have thrilled to the sight of some of the most exotic birds in the world in such places as Guatemala, the enchanting Vale of Kashmir, and throughout much of Africa; but, in my opinion, there are few birds in the world that can surpass the strikingly beautiful scarlet tanager that takes up residence in our woodland areas during the spring, summer, and early autumn.

I was born and reared beside the waters of Lake Sebago at Long Beach, East Sebago. After Labor Day, when all my summer friends had to head back to their respective states to begin another year of school, I was faced with many months of solitude. For when my cousin, Dr. Lowell Barnes, was packed off to Fryeburg Academy at the tender age of twelve, I was the only child left on Long Beach.

What does a small boy do who is suddenly bereft of all his playmates? I turned to nature. I explored the nearly deserted shores of Sebago and many square miles of forest. I knew the location of every path and abandoned logging camp from Long Beach to Steep Falls and East Sebago to Richville in Standish. I learned to identify most of the trees and wild flowers, grew to love the wild animals, and perhaps most of all - I loved the birds. I had a good teacher - my aunt Rose Barnes, granddaughter of Norway's famed fiddler Mellie Dunham.

One of the birds that I remember searching the woodlands for with such perseverance was the scarlet tanager. I had no idea what the tanager's call sounded like. Late in the afternoons or in early evenings I would hear a beautiful trill that I reasoned had to be that of the tanager, for such a beautiful bird surely merited an equally lovely voice. I would stealthily creep through the underbrush, expecting any moment to discover a brilliant scarlet bird with jet-black wings. I was dismayed to find that my soloist was in fact the hermit thrush.

I vividly recall that I was eight years old when I discovered my very first scarlet tanager. It was during recess in May at the little country school that sits on a hill near Fitch's Store in East Sebago and is now used as a summer home. As I was about to climb a young birch a male scarlet tanager lighted on a branch within a few feet of me. I was thrilled.

Contrary to what many people believe, the scarlet tanager is not a rare bird, and the tanager nests throughout Maine. Seldom a day passes that

I don't hear the male tanager singing in an off-key "Chip-churr" from the wooded hill near the house. When I go to my woodlot to cut, I never fail to hear the call of the tanager, and invariably he will eventually alight where I can admire him. It is amazing how such a flamboyant bird can conceal himself so successfully. I have heard tanagers singing for weeks without spotting one. Then one day, one will alight on a low bush or sapling as if to say, "Here I am. Aren't I beautiful?"

I have seen cars suddenly come to a stop along country roads while occupants point excitedly at a male tanager perched on a low branch beside the road. There are few birds anywhere in the world that can stop traffic.

Many people in this area discovered the scarlet tanager for the first time during the unusually cold, wet spring several years ago. The cold delayed the hatching of insects. Suddenly tanagers began to appear in everyone's yard searching for food. Reports were coming in from various parts of Maine and New Hampshire that the tanagers were dying by the hundreds. It was alarming.

I can remember a dazzling male following me all day as I plowed with my tractor. It hopped about devouring every worm and grub and whatever else appeared to be edible. Although I have read that it is not uncommon for tanagers to join a flock of several varieties of the blackbird family when they first arrive to search for earthworms, I had never observed one following me as I plowed before. It certainly helped to alleviate the tedium.

Hunger can alter the behavior of bird, beast, or man very quickly. Fortunately, sufficient tanagers survived, and I was relieved to hear the call of the tanagers in their usual haunts that summer.

I shall never forget the experience of awakening one brilliant summer morning to the familiar "chip-churr" - "chip-churr." As I opened my eyes, there perched a gorgeous male on a branch of a young elm within inches of my open window. It was a marvelous way to begin a new day.

As is the case with most females of the feathered species, the female tanager is the very antithesis of its mate. She is a drab greenish yellow and is seldom seen except in early spring. While the male sings from the top of a large tree, she sedulously sits on about four greenish-blue eggs that look as though one took a paintbrush and dabbled specks or blotches of a chestnut brown all over them. Occasionally one can find a tanager's

(cont. on pg. 41)

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The Home Front



George Allen on tour.

George Allen's Historic House Hunt

by Nancy Marcotte

Do you fancy yourself a bit of a detective? Are you an historian of some kind? Do you drive around the countryside just to look at the old buildings? Have you, perhaps, tried to track down the roots of the place where you live?

If you can answer yes to any of these questions, you may be just the person George Allen is looking for. In fact, you may be one of the many people he's already involved in the Oxford County Historic Resource Survey.

Sponsored by the Bethel Historical Society and funded by the State Historical Preservation Commission, the Oxford County survey is a study with several objectives. One is a future book about the architecture of this western Maine area. A

more immediate outgrowth will be establishment of architectural archives for every community, detailing, as the survey director stresses, "the growth and development of each town, past and present."

The survey has been fondly embraced by members of the many small historical societies in local communities. But others are becoming interested too: retired folks, students, businesspeople, homemakers, teachers and summer residents.

Allen is an erudite and interesting speaker, well-versed in architectural styles. He came to Maine after years of work with Oxford University Press in New York and settled in this county partly because his brother lived here and partly because it seemed a satisfy-

ing place to live. This inventory effort, which he views as only part of a long process, follows rather naturally his last project—co-authorship of several volumes on American country inns.

In addition to his architectural expertise, Allen brings to the job a talent for photography, as his excellent architectural slide show exhibits. Combined with walking tours of various locations, the show has stirred up interest in audiences throughout the county. Many volunteers have enlisted in the survey effort after listening to the presentation—some covering a large area; some surveying only a few buildings. There is room for more volunteer effort as well.

One of the results of the Oxford County survey may be the placement of more local structures on the National Register of Historic Places—a non-restrictive listing by the federal park service which aids in recognition and preservation of historical locations. But those dedicated folks involved in the inventory see it more as a way to make a coherent account of the building history of the county.

The basic architectural element of Oxford County is, as Allen says, “the white, gabled rectangle.” But the details are endlessly varied and it is these that the surveyors document.

Volunteers survey small districts of both rural and village areas. Within those districts, the surveyors study each house over 50 years old for its significant architectural style. With a little glossary of terms provided by Allen, they are able to identify certain things. Are the windows original? What sort of entryway, roof, foundation does the building have? What are the details of the moldings, cupolas, porches? All these help to fix the house’s date of erection. But the surveying does not stop there.

If possible, the occupants of each house are questioned. Old maps are consulted to find original owners’ names. In some cases, Allen follows up surveys by visiting town offices or the Oxford County Registry of Deeds in search of further information.

It makes for fascinating work. It’s fun to discover a clue that dates a house as one of the original buildings in town. It’s interesting to find that a certain few identifiable builders built many of the local dwellings, varying only the details to suit individual owners. It’s intriguing to learn that people like famous 19th century architect John Calvin Stevens came to work

on such relatively unimportant structures as the Buckfield and Waterford libraries. It’s rewarding to help make future renovation efforts possible.

“I find this to be a learning process for me as well,” says Allen, intense and serious in his standard blue-jean attire, an ever-present army kit bag slung over his shoulder. “It’s very much a give-and-take situation.”

He urges that people “take a little time with the buildings.” He knows that not all questions can be answered and believes that the speculative approach gains the most knowledge. Surveyors find that residents of buildings are usually very easy to engage in conversation about their homes, and often have researched them already.

There is also the hope that curiosity may somehow lead to a better life for us all; that by learning how and why previous generations built as they did we may see ways to make modern living more meaningful.

As artist/archivist Eric Sloane once phrased it—how can we know our future except by looking at our past? □

Marcotte is BitterSweet’s Associate Editor.



SECRET SUPPLY

Time turns the season red and gold
As summer wanes and months grow old.
Small squirrels, busy out-of-doors,
Have gathered in their winter stores.
Throughout the weeks of snow and sleet,
These creatures will have food to eat.
Provisioned well, when sharp winds cut,
They feed on hard-earned seeds and nuts.

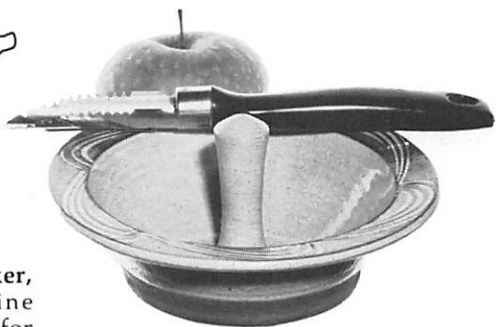
Time turns my years to red and gold
For summer wanes and I grow old.
My cache consists of loss and gain,
Delight of love and grief of pain.
My feast will be continuing
From now until Eternal Spring.
As wilted days fall from Life’s trees,
I feast on hoarded memories.

*Otta Louise Chase
Harrison*

Can You Place It?



Sweet Find



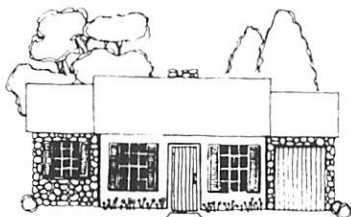
The Christian Ridge Pottery Apple Baker, handmade from locally dug Maine earthenware clay, is billed as "a fresh idea for turning a baked apple into a gourmet treat." As conceived and crafted by Scott Currie of Christian Ridge Pottery, South Paris, the apple baker takes a cored apple atop its center post. The apple is garnished with raisins, honey, syrup, sweet spices or anything else one wants to provide and then baked in a 350° oven for as long as it takes to cook it thoroughly (from 25 - 45 minutes depending on size). Because the clay takes on the heat of the oven, the apple bakes neatly from the inside out. The baker retains the heat nicely, keeping the apple warm while

it's served. A small brochure which accompanies each baker suggests baking variations and toppings.

□

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Readers' Room

Names of the Oxford Hills

by Charles B. Fobes

Over the years many of these landscape features have been given names that appeared on maps. However, countless other places have been given local names never listed on a map. I have a complete list of all the features prepared from U.S. Geological Survey topographic maps. The tabulation has 462 names. Obviously, it is impractical to recite the entire list but a new generalization about the list are worthy of note.

The different landscape forms and the frequency of each type is ample proof that the term "Oxford Hills" has been appropriately applied. Mountains (192) lead the list; in this class fourteen listings use "mount" as an adjective. Hill is found 188 times and two instances in the plural form in "Farmers Hills" in Andover and "Boston Hills" in Denmark. The latter group was named for Daniel Boston who was the first settler in the town; he came from Sanford, Maine in 1775.

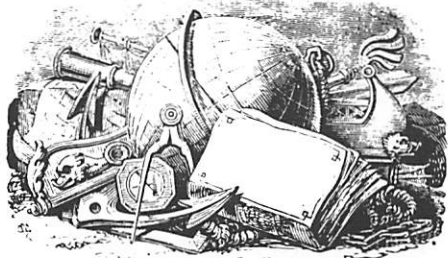
Ledge is used 14 times; Ridge 10; Pinnacle 6; Peak 6; Bluff 3; Knoll 3; Knob 1; and Notch 17.

Twenty-two names fall in a miscellaneous group. Examples are "Tear Cap," "Jockey Cap," "Sugarloaf," "Emery's Misery," and "Devils Den." The article "the" is used eight times as in "The Roost," "The Saddleback," and "The Nubble." In most cases when "the" is used in this manner the landscape feature is one having a distinct form so, generally speaking, no confusion results in its use. An exception, however, is found in the town of Norway where "The Nubble" is found in two places.

In searching through town histories and other records it is surprising how few references are found concerning the date these landscape features were named and by whom. Occasionally, early maps yield an approximate time. A map delineated in 1830 by S.L. Dashiell, Washington, D.C. indicated a Speckled Mountain just north of an Amarisgogin River. There is little doubt this peak is the Old Speck Mountain of today. Its position just north of the Androscoggin River separates it from the Speckled Mountain in Stoneham to the south.

Straked Mountain in Hebron was so-called as early as 1772 when Joseph Biscoe surveyed the Paris area.

Mountain names sometimes change in the passage of time. Many of the early atlases designated some of the mountains but those names are not found on the maps today. At one time, Dr. Nathaniel True who was headmaster at Gould Academy in Bethel from 1848 to 1861 endeavored



with no success to have Old Speck Mountain named Mt. Lincoln in honor of Enoch Lincoln who was at one time governor of Maine.

Nearly half (227) of the names found on today's maps are family or given names of early settlers who may or may not have owned the site in question. Farwell Mountain, Benn Barrows Hill, Trask Ledge, and Crockett Ridge commemorate these early inhabitants.

Three Indians - Molly Ockett, Metallak, and Sabattus - have been honored by having mountains named for them.

Molly Ockett was well known to the people of the Andover, Bethel and Paris area. She was christened in the Catholic faith as Mary Agatha and came to Andover in 1788. She died in 1816 when about 90 years old. A monument marks her burial place in the Andover Cemetery. Molly Ockett Mountain in Woodstock commemorates her name.

Metallak Mountain in Township C perpetuates the name of the colorful Indian by that name whose favorite haunt was Umbagog Lake. Gov. Enoch Lincoln visited him several times at his camp on the lake shore. Metallak died in 1847 and is buried in Stewartstown, N.H.

The name of Sabattus, in varying forms, is found in references of Fryeburg history. A Sabattus helped Nathaniel Walker lead a party of volunteers from Fryeburg to Bethel to revenge an attack by the Indians at the time of the "Shelburne Massacre." Sabattus Mountain in Lovell bears this Indian's name.

Four other Oxford County mountains have Indian words adorning their summits. From the Abnaki language, Azischoos Mountain is translated as "small pine trees." In an associative sense this term is meaningful. Mahoosuc Arm, one of the Mahoosuc mountains, refers to an "abode of hungry animals." However, there is a Natick tribe word "Nahoosuc" that means "a pinnacle or mountain peak." It is possible that at

one time a cartographer or type-setter might have inadvertently mistaken an "n" for an "m" but this is purely conjectural.

Kennegaw and Cuspsuptic, both Indian words, have been applied to Oxford County mountains. In a true sense they are not suitable for they are transferred water terms meaning a "long pond" and a "closed-up stream," respectively.

The association of objects many times is reflected in a mountain name and can differentiate the landmark in question. The dominant tree cover on a landform can designate a specific hill as a Pine Hill or Spruce Hill. In Oxford County the following trees and the number of times they were applied are listed: Pine (6), Spruce (3), Oak (3) and one each for Popple, Elm, Beech, Birch and Hemlock.

Animal life is indicated by Hedgehog (6), Deer (4), Bear (2), Moose (1), Sable (1) and Black Cat (1). This last term refers to the Fisher that has made a remarkable comeback in recent years in the wildlands of Maine. Today we find no Caribou or Rattlesnakes but their past presence is indicated by Caribou Mountain in Mason and Rattlesnake Mountain in Albany, Porter and Stoneham.

The presence of some minerals and rocks are indicated by such names as Mt. Zircon, Plumbago Mountain, and Mt. Mica. Red Rock Mountain in Stoneham derives its name from a red-phrease granite. In Porter, a Mine Mountain takes its name from a mine that was operated in 1802 for lead and small amounts of silver.

Comparing the shape, color, and size of a mountain with everyday familiar objects resulted in some landform names. In Colonial Days sugar was sold in a conoidal mass for household use. Stow and Stoneham have their Sugarloaf Mountains. In Brownfield and Dixfield the non-generic form of Sugarloaf is found. Another word, "pinnacle" is self-explanatory. The Pinnacle is found twice in Hartford in addition to the Deacon Pinnacle. Dixfield, Peru and West Paris, all have pinnacles.

Perhaps less pointed is The Nubble; two features by this name are listed from Norway. The Roost in Batchelders Grant, Jockey Cap in Fryeburg and Tear Cap in Hiram reflect the imagination of nearby residents or are terms arising from some incident.

The square shaped cliff on Square Dock Mountain in Albany brings to mind the "docked" tail of a horse.

The elongated rounded back of a whale is suggested by the drumlin-like feature called Whales Back in Porter and a Whale Back in Byron.

The Appalachian Trail Guide of Maine refers to the "hump" on Elephant Mountain in Township C. Supposedly, this mountain received its name from its massive size or shape.

Streaked Mountain in Hebron has conspicuous granite ledges on the west side that are visible for miles, hence the name.

Forest fires no doubt brought into use such names as Burnt Hill and Burnt Mountain even

though today the fire scars are now replaced by new forest growth. Burnt Meadow Mountain in Brownfield is said to have been named from a fire that burned for many weeks in a low meadow underlain with peat. The meadow was at the base of the mountain.

Some mountains are known by several names. An example is found in Grafton. Here, the Appalachian Trail passes over Baldpate but this peak was known as Saddleback as early as 1839. The people in Andover, on the east side, call this mountain Baldpate because of the barren ledges that are visible from their point of view. To the inhabitants of the town of Newry to the south once called this peak Bear River Whitecap so it wouldn't be confused with Sunday River Whitecap in the same town.

It is impossible to explain the derivation of every named feature. A reliable source does state that Mount Carlo in Riley was named for a faithful dog by that name who tramped with his master in that area. Another dog named "Bose" is remembered by Bosebuck Mountain in Lynchtown. One story states that "Bose" successfully chased and ran down a buck on the slopes of this mountain for a party of hunters. Some investigators claim the word is Indian being translated, "at the outlet of the spread-out steam."

Tumbledown Dick mountains can be found in Peru, Dixfield and Gilead.

Mount Goose-Eye has been known by this name for many years but some maps have printed this name as Goose High. The latter name is said to have originated from the fact that migrating geese in this area flew at an altitude just clearing the peak.

The name of Puzzle Mountain in Newry may still be a puzzle. One theory is that the actual summit is difficult to find for there are three or four knobs on the wooded summit area that all have nearly the same elevation thus determining the true summit a problem.

Populated areas have more names placed on the landscape than in wild lands. The town of Lovell has two mountains but the 24 named hills make for the lack of the so-called mountains. Riley and Grafton, together, have 33 eminences ranging from two to four thousand feet in elevation.

There seems to be no set pattern in labeling a mountain based on elevation. The highest mountain in Oxford County is Old Speck in Grafton with an elevation of 4180 feet while Smalls Mountain in Hiram is only 740 feet above the sea.

The lowest hill in the county is Tiger Hill (460 feet) in Oxford while Bowman Hill in Bowmantown rises to 2780 feet.

In Oxford County there are seventeen Notches but this is not surprising when one considers the roughness of the terrain. □

Fobes, whose relatives were among the earliest settlers of Grafton and Paris, lives in Portland. He is author of Grafton, Maine - A Human and Geographical Study.

You don't say

HONESTY AND THE RUBBER STAMP

When my brother was six or seven years old it happened that my father had sent for a rubber stamp to use on his business papers. When it came in the mail and father took it from the package we all admired the beautiful cherry-finished wood handle and the imprinted message — Pay to the order of any National Bank, H.F. Maxim.

After the stamp had been tried to our satisfaction it was laid aside until it was needed. It so happened that at that time my brother Walter had a new jack knife, and sometime later father saw that a notch had been cut in one side of the handle of the stamp. He immediately accused Walter of doing it, which Walter flatly denied. Father was much disturbed, not so much about the stamp, but because he wanted his children to be brought up to be good honest citizens.

In the days that followed, from time to time, father persisted in asking Walter if he cut the



notch, and Walter was just as persistent in his denial. This went on for some time. Walter even avoided father whenever possible to keep from being questioned.

Finally it came to a show-down. Father said "Walter, I know that you cut that notch, and I want you to say that you did." Walter was so worn out by hearing the same question repeated that he finally said "Yes, I did it."

That ended the episode for a while until one day father was in the office of the E.L. Tebbetts Spool Company at Locke Mills and on the desk saw a stamp similar to his with a notch in the side of the handle. Upon asking about it he was told that the notch marked the side of the stamp to be held toward you when using it.

That night at suppertime father told of his findings at the mill office.

Mother had believed Walter throughout the incident. She said whenever she had taken him aside in other instances and questioned him, he had never failed to tell the truth.

*Winifred Maxim Merrill
South Paris*

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Folk Tales

Raymond York's Appalachian Dream

by Jennifer Wixson



Raymond York

His was not an impossible dream, just darn near it. What he had wanted for many years was to hike the 2,100 mile trail which traverses the spine of the Appalachian Mountains from Springer Mountain in Georgia to Mt. Katahdin in Maine. A year ago this month Raymond York of Oxford stalked the Appalachian Trail's last peak to achieve his dream - though not quite as he had planned.

As with the best laid plans, dreams sometimes go astray. York's went haywire. Nowhere in his dream did he suspect that he would break his right arm in a fall in Roanoke, Va. Or that he would come close to puncturing his lung on a pine tree in Gorham, N.H. Or that he would experience despair strong enough to make his resolve to dump the dream once and for all.

"I was going to quit once," York admitted while relaxing at his Webber Brook Road home. "I was mad. You know, you get mad at the world. I came out to this hot top road and sat right down and stuck my thumb out. If a car had been coming, that would have been it."

No car turned the corner that spring day, however, and York found himself once again on the trail to his obvious relief a year later.

"I felt so good when I got through with it!" York exclaimed, grinning an ever-present grim. "I made it! When I crossed the eight mile bridge in Baxter State Park, that was the greatest feeling that ever was. Just knowing you made it after all those months of trying."

The young army veteran began planning the trip several years before his March 29, 1979 departure date. He says he read every available book on the trail and spent time getting into condition while he worked fashioning snowshoes and rawhide

furniture at Snowcraft, Inc., where he's been employed off and on since 1972.

The total trip cost York approximately \$1,700, with \$500 spent on equipment and \$1,200 budgeted for spending money and food during the six month journey. His boots, which he purchased from LL Bean, cost him \$90 and lasted the entire trip.

"I asked the guy where I bought them, 'Do you guarantee these boots to go 2000?'" York recalled. "He said, 'We don't guarantee nothing!' But they made it."

York, who walked several miles a day before starting out, admits that he made a mistake on the training part of his dream. Walking several miles a day is fine, he says, but not quite the same as walking several miles a day up and down hills wearing a 45 pound pack on your back.

"I got (to Springer Mountain) the first day and was gung ho," York said. "I got to the campground and there was a mile-long hill you had to go up to set your tent up. I didn't think much about it. I was in shape, anyway. I started up that hill and never made it. (A park ranger) came along and took me up to the top."

This bad start didn't get any better for the Maine hiker, either. York was sick the first two days on the trail because of the high altitude and was assailed not only by doubts, but also by bad weather.

"I was so cold . . . miserable . . . wet," he recalled. "You name it. Just plain miserable."

But he stuck with it, completing only eight miles his first day compared to the 25 miles a day he was doing by the end of the trail. York hiked every day, seven days a week - rain or shine. That is, up until he tried to save himself from a fall in Roanoke, Va. and managed to break his right arm.

"When you're hiking with a pack on and

you fall, you should let yourself go," York said. "Don't try to grab anything. I did, after I stepped on a rock and everything flew.

"My arm went behind me like that," he said, twisting his right arm in a gruesome position behind his back.

Though York hiked most of the trail alone, he was fortunate to be hiking with some new-found friends when the accident occurred. With their help, he made it to a nearby hospital and his arm was set. But even then his troubles continued.

"I was broke," York said. "I didn't know what to do. So I went to the Red Cross.

"I told them my problem and they said, 'No problem.' They gave me money so I could go home, but I didn't. I went down to my sister's and stayed a week (in Kentucky). The second week I put my pack on to see if I could carry it and I said, 'Wow! I can do it.' So I went back (to the trail)."

Since the doctor who had set his arm told York the cast could be removed in six weeks, he hacked it off himself along the trail with his jackknife.

"It just aches now once in a while," York admitted. "Mostly when it's damp out."

York, who says, "If you make it the first 200 miles . . . if you can hack the bugs and the water . . . you've got it made," also had to contend with woodticks which "were so thick you could see them running up your leg like a small stream" and wild pigs which would rout and ruin a hiker's pack if given half a chance.

He was also introduced to stinging nettles, striding into a tall patch of the plant while wearing shorts. And in Gorham, N.H., he struck a pine branch chest-first and thought he had punctured his lung. But York took two aspirin, went to bed and felt good enough the next day to continue on.

Shortly after that he encountered the Kennebec River which took him five tries to cross because the current was so strong. York noted that hikers can pay \$5 for a boat ride across the Maine river, but said that no self-respecting hiker would do so.

"After walking that many miles," he said grinning, "you don't want to take a boat."

From the Red Cross worker who gave him money to get home to fellow hiker Alice who later sent him a recipe for his arthritis (two teaspoons of vinegar and two teaspoons of honey in a glass of water), York says it is the people he met along the way that inspired and aided him in achieving his dream.

In New York, he visited a place called Roger's Appalachian Cottage where Roger "takes you in at night, feeds you supper and you can have a shower." Near that is a monastery which offers free supper and breakfast to hikers as well as the use of a washer and drier.

Putting aside all trials and tribulations, York would like to someday re-do the trail, taking a camera along this time to capture each triumph and tragedy and to make a serious record of the Appalachian Trail for others with a similar dream.

However, York doesn't have the time right now to hike the trail a second time. He's too busy making plans to hike the longer Pacific Crest Trail, which stretches from Canada to Mexico and boomerangs hikers from the desert into the snowcapped Mt. Ranier.

"I'd wanted to do the Appalachian Trail for a long while. And also the Pacific Crest. So I've done one of them," he concluded confidently, "and I've got one more to go." □



RAIN IN LAKE COUNTRY

Its image is clouded gray, yet rain makes its own mirrors, then leaves them, casual gifts to cold dawns, or to velvet nights, that searchlight moon we comment on, our voice drifting out of summer sleep, our phrases falling thicker than cotton, slow words pushing against the chance pattern of ends that almost meet, of private betrayals, off-hand mercies.

Her train is ten years gone, say, or a face or some leaf has turned away and has fallen at last from memory. And still we are left here, in this place, and in this place only, alone with the miracle: How the rain covers all, cold drops of discarded crystal, unlooked-at, cells of another form, sea we crawled out of. Or how it will drown our poor graves, and go on without us. How the galaxy fills now with a clear water, comets rowing in, stars sinking into the slack depths of a cold mirror, into this well of clear light we carry within us, this well that calls and echoes, echoes and calls.

*Michael T. Corrigan
Bridgton*



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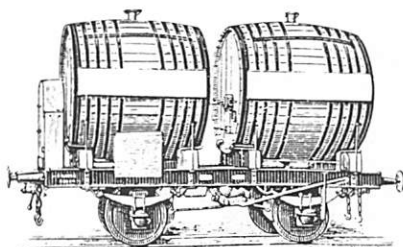


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THE CELEBRATION

In the early days of the Bridgton & Saco River Railroad, the men who transferred freight from the big cars of the Maine Central to the little cars of the narrow gauge were for some reason called Jerries.

They labored long and well for pay which they felt to be a mere pittance. So one day when they received a twenty-five cent raise, it called for a celebration. A celebration called for some hard drinking liquor. But Maine was a dry state at the time, so access to the stuff wasn't easy. However a Jerry by the name of Jim Wilder, who was somewhat addicted to the flowing bowl, claimed he knew people in Portland who could produce.

A passing of the hat produced an adequate sum which was turned over to Jim. He boarded the morning train for the city, promising to return on the four o'clock.

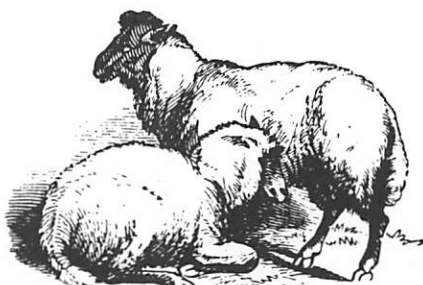
But to everyone's consternation, the four o'clock pulled in bearing no Jim. The distressed Jerries huddled in a group, fearing that Jim had succumbed to temptation and might never be heard from for a week.

At that point Jim Warren, the station agent, came toward the group bearing a telegram addressed to "The Junction Jerries" and signed "Jim Wilder."

Its text: Missed the four o'clock. Fear not, Jim, jag and jug will be on the seven o'clock.

And they were.

Raymond Cotton
Hiram



Folk Tales

Charlotte Lovejoy's Window to the Past

by Jennifer Wixson



Taking a stroll down memory lane with Charlotte Lovejoy is as good as walking along Main Street Norway nearly 90 years ago. Maybe even better. There's no worry about the mud.

"How they used to park on Main Street!" says the 92-year-old Norway resident, as she sits in her comfortable rocker stationed near the phone in her second story Danforth Street apartment. "People would say that the mud used to be up to the hubs of the wheels. The horse and buggy would get you through, but it used to be terrible. You'd be splashed from head to foot."

Charlotte, who has always lived in Norway and "always hopes to," was born in the corner room of a Deering Street house May 4, 1888, the daughter of Fred A. and Thirza C. Cummings Lovejoy. She has witnessed the coming of the "Moxie" car, the Norway fire of 1894, and a kaleidoscope of changes in the town.

When Charlotte was young, Norway as a "little town starting in," with a population of 1,500, and not surprisingly, no tourists. ("They came slowly at first," she says of the summerfolk, "and then they started building the cottages up beside the lake.") But the biggest change came about with the opening of the hospital.

"People kind of thought it was a lovely thing to have," she says. "It started out first as the Horne house. The John Horne house. His wife used to make those fancy neck chains out of beads. That was when I was a kid.

"They used to take borders," Charlotte continues. "Well, then, they tried to make an old ladies home out of it. They got along with that very well for a while but there wasn't enough popularity to it and not enough financing for it. So they had to give it up."

As she recalls, Ellsworth Young and his wife bought the Horne house and ran a rooming house from it. ("In back of it," she notes, "he used to have the most marvelous garden of musk melon. Boy were they good!")

Young finally tired of the house and since neighbor Henry Foster had "always liked that Horne house," the two swapped.

"Ellsworth Young and Henry Foster changed properties," Charlotte says. "And then, after that, I think Ellsworth Young sold the house for about \$2,500 and the Russels bought it. After Henry's generation expired, they turned it into a hospital.

"Changing that place over and building that hospital is the biggest change in the town," she concludes. A long pause ensues as Charlotte continues to recollect the past.

"And then, of course, in '94 we had the Norway fire," she remembers.

The fire, which swept across most of the town and left many homeless, supposedly started at C.B. Cummings Co.

"I don't know if it was sawdust or something like that," she says. "At the head of the street up there was a big sawmill. That's right about where that bridge is on Main Street and supposedly where it happened."

Though Charlotte was only six at the time, and deathly sick with the measles ("They didn't think I was ever going to see again," she recalls. "But I come out of it alright. You can't kill an old rat like me.") she remembers the fire as if it happened yesterday.

"A good part of the town burned," she says. "We left the house. They bundled me up and took me away. When the fire got down to our place the wind shifted slightly

(cont. on pg. 44)

"When Maine Was a Part

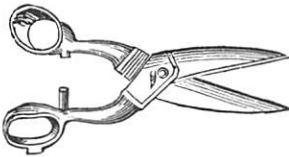
fact and fiction submitted



On cold days, dogs were taken to church, and lying at their masters' feet, made good foot warmers.

An early "hair restorer" that was put on the market was made from the juice of baked beans.

In York, Maine, in 1682, the unfitness of the jail being evident, John Phillips of Falmouth (Portland), accused of crime, was imprisoned in his own house.



Saturday was usually the day set for haircutting as a portion of the general plan for preparation for the Sabbath. If a cap or bowl was not available as a guide for the amateur barber, a pumpkin shell might be used.



By 1577, the French fleet of fishing vessels off the New England coast numbered 117.

Thomas Withers of York, Maine, was pilloried, supposedly for putting a goodly sum of money in the church offering box as an inducement for others to give generously, then removing the "bait" money later.



The first domestic animals imported to Maine were landed at Saco in 1631. The cargo consisted of cows, hogs, goats, and sheep.



In York, Maine, the Rev. Mr. Moody was disconcerted by seeing members of his congregation asleep. "Fire! Fire!" he shouted.

"Where? Where?" queried the worried sleepers.

"In Hell," the preacher replied, "For sleeping sinners."



In 1614, Capt. John Smith planted a garden at Monhegan, Maine, in which he raised vegetables suited for "salads."

of Massachusetts"

by William S. Tacey



Epitaph in Winslow, Maine, Cemetery:

"Hee lies one Wood

"Enclosed in wood,

"One wood within another;

"The outer wood is very good,

"We cannot the praise the other."

"Whosoever shall shoot off a gun on an unnecessary occasion, at at any game, except a wolf or an indian, shall forfeit five shillings." By Order of the General Court.



Samoset, the Indian who welcomed the Pilgrims, is thought to have learned English from fisherman along the Maine coast. The Mayflower had sailed along that coast as a fishing vessel before it transported Pilgrims to Plymouth.

To cure extravagance in dress, the Massachusetts General Court in 1639, decreed: "No woman's sleeves shall be more than $\frac{1}{2}$ an ell in length." Lace at the cuffs of both men's and women's sleeves are forbidden.

Credit Mainers for the first Thanksgiving Day. In 1607, in Popham, Maine, colonists paused to thank God for His care in helping them to arrive safely.



Preparatory to being jailed in every York, Maine, culprits were whipped, "not exceeding ten stripes."

John Walker in 1598, is believed to be the first white man after the Vikings to reach the coast of Maine. He took possession in the name of the English King, and called the land "Norumbega."



In 1641, a law forbade husbands to whip erring wives.

In 1607, Popham, Maine, colonists built a fort, a church, and a 30-ton ship.

To get greatly needed food, the Pilgrims in the second year at Plymouth sent an expedition to trade with the fishermen near Mohegan Island.



As punishment for striking her husband, Sarah Morgan, in 1671, was sentenced to sit in the town meeting of Kittery with a gag in her mouth.

You don't say

INDEPENDENCE DAY '80

In 1914 Hiram was one hundred years old. I was not. I was only one tenth of that. We had a celebration. Band, speeches, a ball game, foot races, boat races on the Saco, fireworks and a parade.



Twitcheil Champlin of Portland, owners of the local corn cannery, sent a beautifully decorated truck bearing a dias on which Ida Mae Clemons, who was a statuesque person, stood robed as the statue of Liberty, torch held aloft. Dressed as a soldier and armed with a BB gun, I guarded her right flank. A little playmate of mine dressed as a sailor and armed in like manner protected her left.

We were very proud to be motorized and looked down with scorn on the many other floats which were horse drawn. But the August sun blazed down, the costumes were itchy and a cramp seized my neck from standing at attention so long. I registered an oath that I would never participate in a parade again. How wrong can one be?

Dr. Lochhead, sponsor of the annual Barker Lake Boat Parade, invited me over to view this year's production.

The parade has increased in size and grandure with each passing summer, so I gladly accepted his invitation.

On arrival I found a large group of gaily costumed people milling around several boats, completing their preparations. I found myself suddenly deprived of my protective cover, (my straw hat) crowned with a three cornered hat in the style of 1776 and encased in a red white and blue paper vest. I wasn't expected to view the parade, I was supposed to participate. Entrapped!

But my comfortable seat in the lead boat I felt to be a seat of honor. Our craft bore a large American Flag in the bow and like all the others was tastefully arrayed with the appropriate colors. Beside me a lad of about four years, clad mostly in a personal floatation device, held a large three colored pom-pom at the end of a stick which at random intervals he waved vigorously.

In the second boat, a tape player produced band music appropriate to the occasion. Another boat was armed with an eight-inch cannon. It was only eight inches long, but it roared out a blast all out of proportion to its minute size.

One craft was not motorized. It was manned by two sturdy oarsmen who pulled mightily all the way around the lake, an operation which consumed the better part of an hour. The motors set a pace to accommodate them.

As we sailed along close to the cottage-lined shore we were greeted by a multitude of people who had gathered on the beaches to observe our passing. Some waved, some cheered, some stood respectfully at attention as our flag passed by. There was even a minor mystery. At the start of the parade, a strange boat splendidly decorated, joined the end of the line. At the end of the course it took off smartly up the lake.

Upon landing, our hosts refreshed us with traditional lemonade and generous slices of watermelon. As we sat around, shaded by friendly pines, a gentle breeze sprang up and the sail boats began to move. My spirits seemed to soar with the breeze and I became deeply reassured that patriotism is indeed not dead. □

Raymond Cotton
Hiram



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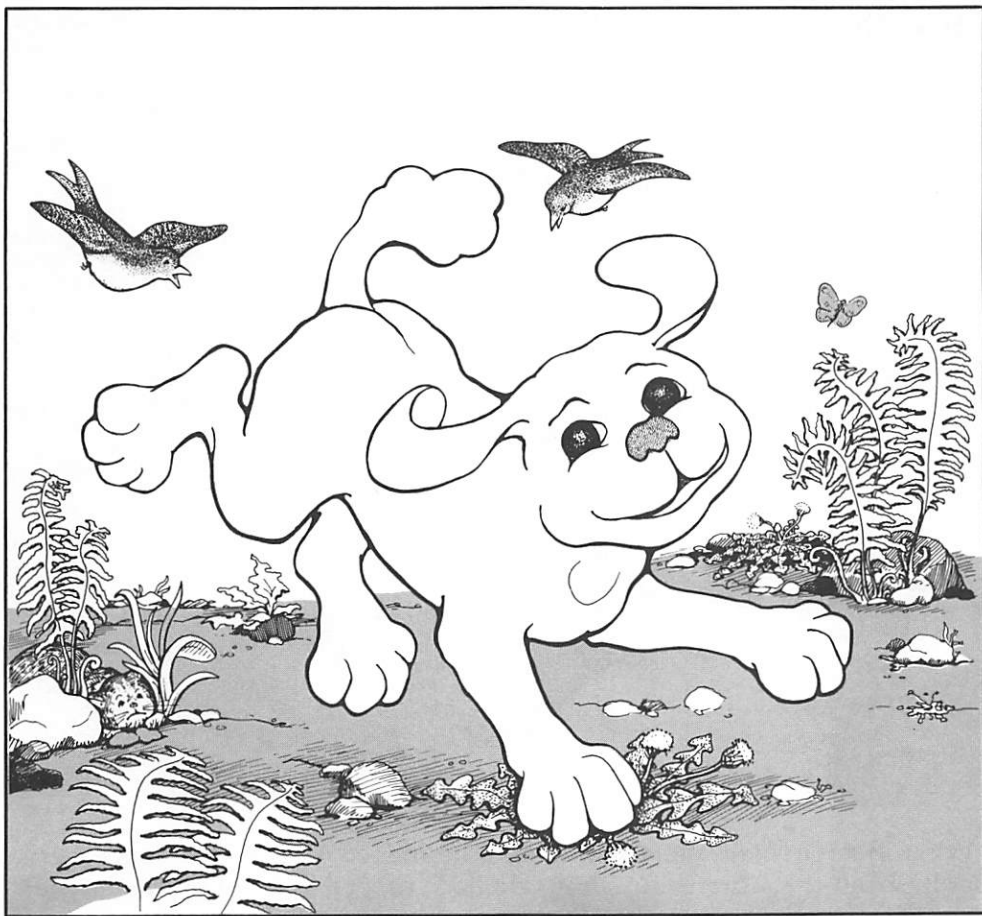
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FOOLING BUSTER BURYMORE

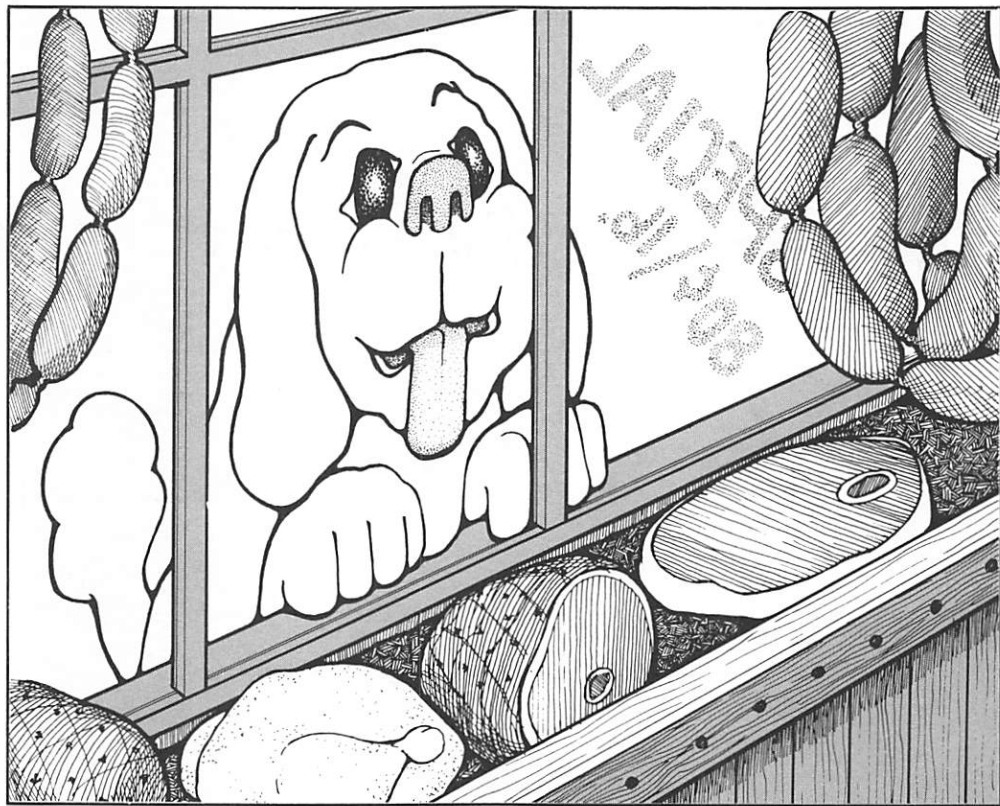
Story and Pictures by Paula Hutchinson

Buster Burymore was a very big dog with soft, cuddly fur and lots of energy. Usually Buster was very good...but not today. Ever since he had first opened his eyes and stretched his strong legs this morning he had felt mischievously wonderful.

The sun warmed his fur and the birds chirped loudly and swooped down at him. They did not frighten Buster at all. In fact, they just made him feel like jumping and wiggling all over as he trotted down the road to town.

Up and down the streets he galloped. Buster chased every cat he saw, growling to make them run away. He loved to watch them bound up trees or jump way up high to a windowsill.

"Cats are very graceful," Buster thought, so he chased them until he was tired.



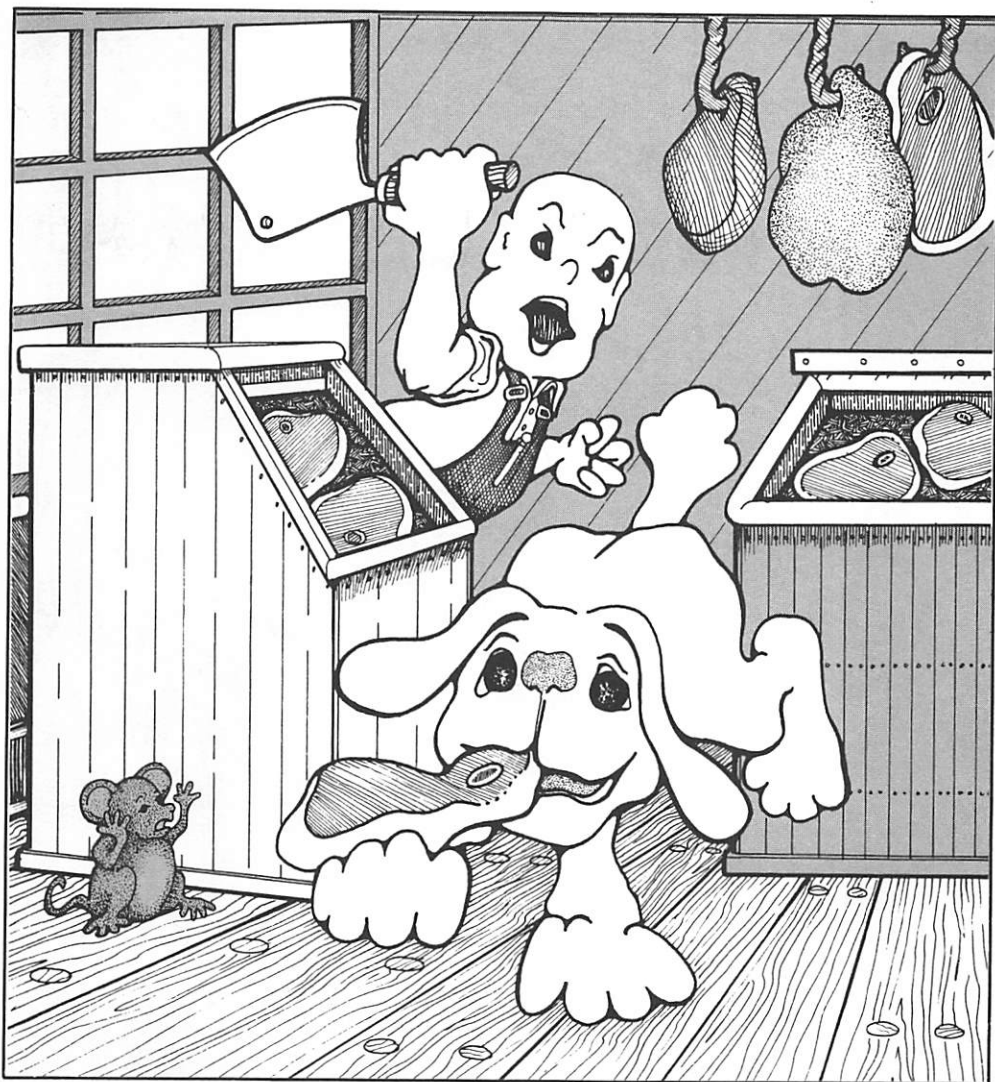
When Buster finally sat down to rest, he sniffed. Wonderful smells were coming from the store behind him. He had stopped in front of the butcher shop. Pressing his nose to the glass, Buster could see hams, and bunches of hot dogs, and big thick steaks! The sight made him terribly hungry and he began to drool.

Just then a lady walked up to the door of the butcher shop. This was Buster's chance. He was right behind the lady in a flash. No one saw him slip inside the shop behind her when she opened the door.

Buster Burymore had never smelled anything like this before. He sniffed in great big sniffs of delicious air. The best smells came from a counter full of steaks. Buster crept over to it sniffing all the while. The butcher was very busy talking to the lady and did not see Buster. Carefully, he put his paws up on the counter and looked at all the steaks.

Everything looked and smelled so good, it nearly made him dizzy. He took a long, loud sniff —so loud that it scared the lady. When she saw Buster, she screamed and screamed! The butcher grabbed his butcher's knife and began to yell.

Buster's teeth snapped shut on the biggest steak in the counter. He turned and galloped out of the store holding the steak tightly in his mouth. Buster ran as fast as his legs could go. The butcher ran down the street after him, waving his knife in the air, but he could not catch Buster.

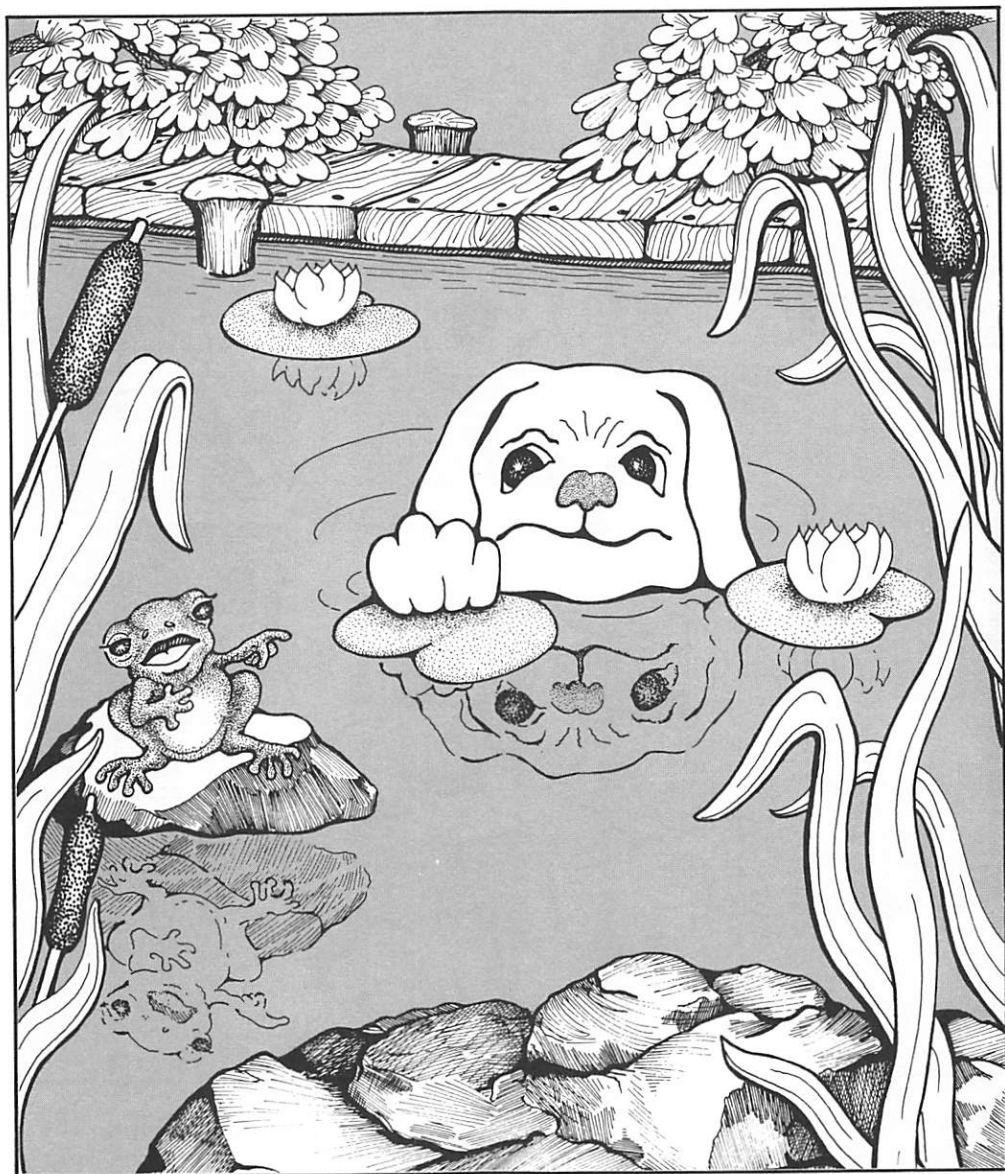


Buster ran and ran. When he could not hear the angry butcher yelling any longer, he began to slow down. His heart had stopped pounding by the time he reached the narrow footbridge that crossed over a deep brook.

Slowly and carefully he started to cross the footbridge. As he got to the middle of the bridge, he looked down into the water. To his amazement, there was another dog looking back at him! There in his mouth was another great big, juicy steak just like Buster's.

This made Buster hungrier than ever. He growled as loud as he could, but the other dog did not move. It just stared back at Buster.

"Now here is a really dumb dog," thought Buster. "It will be easy to take his steak away from him —easier than fighting your shadow." Keeping an eye on the dog in the water, Buster wiggled his feet under him, just the way he'd seen the cats do, as he balanced on the little footbridge. Then, with all



his strength, Buster Burymore jumped straight at the dog in the water and grabbed for the steak in its mouth.

Ker-SPLASH!!

Buster had landed up to his neck in the brook. His big thick steak had fallen out of his mouth and was gone. Buster Burymore had been tricked by his own reflection. *

Ayah

letters to the editor

Lafayette Clemons

Reading Raymond Cotton's anecdotes and reminiscences about Hiram and its natives brings to mind another Himan character of yore: Lafayette Clemons, who was born in Hiram, July 7, 1825. Lafayette was the father of Joseph Eugene Clemons, who was at one time captain of the steamboat *Laura Eva*, which plied the Saco River waters between the Boston Hills In Denmark and Emery's Mills at Hiram Falls.

In searching my files I located a letter and several excerpts from old newspapers which in themselves tell an interesting story about Lafayette. In 1882 the Clemons family, husband, wife, and seven children, migrated from Hiram, Maine, to Denver, Colorado, to seek their fortune. Lafayette kept his Maine relatives informed of his exploits in the mining fields; and his cousin, Hon. Llewellyn A. Wadsworth, news correspondent for the old OXFORD COUNTY RECORD, once published in Kezar Falls and later in Fryeburg, kept the local public informed as well.

OXFORD COUNTY RECORD, Hiram, Aug. 9, 1884: Mr. Lafayette Clemons, formerly of Hiram, has left Denver, Colorado, and gone to New Mexico to engage in mining.

OXFORD COUNTY RECORD, Hiram, Oct. 31, 1885: Mrs. Elias Gould has gone to Gorham to visit her sister, Mrs. Winslow, and her brother, Lafayette Clemons, who has recently returned from Colorado.

OXFORD COUNTY RECORD, Hiram, Dec. 5, 1885: Our relative, Mr. Lafayette Clemons, of Denver, Colorado, visited us recently. We had a rare treat in examining his specimens of minerals and fossils, and listening to his description of manners, customs and experiences in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah. But few men that we have met can describe a thrilling adventure or relate a side-splitting story better than he. He will return in the spring. His two oldest sons, Joseph E. and Nathan W., have responsible and lucrative positions in the Windsor and Albany hotels in Denver.

Letter from Lafayette Clemons to Caleb C. and Hannah Clemons, circa 1886: The first part of the letter is missing, but the remaining portion has been copied from the original, including misspellings and lack of capitalization.)

i knew that they could of not hear me i wish you could of seen me humper i tell you for that

night and the next day and the next night i put in some big walking in the morning i came out to the mexican settlement then i started for santa fe than i thought i had got enough of it so then i took the cars for denver got there found the folks all well i was there 5 days then i started for here to take up a ranch on the government land well i got here it is about 200 miles from Denver i thought i had ben in wild places before as ever was but this valley is the wildest i ever saw there is wild horses some small droves of buffalo antelope panthers mountain lions and every beast that lives on the plains i have seen them all i shall get through here the 15 of January i have ben sick since i first came here got water poisoned it came very near fixing me but i am better now there is one more place i want to go before i go back to Denver i want to go to the haunted gulch in the sand hills it is a hel of a place i expect i have found a hunter that will go with me there the old hunters say there is a enchanted cave there no man can go into and ever come out agane i want to try it the land is the prettiest here of anything i ever saw as level as a floor and as black and as rich as a dung pile every thing will grow big that you plant i have ben here from 2 to 3 weeks to a time and not see a man at all not a tree or bush in 50 or 75 miles of here it is lonely some times i tell you i got a wild horse or colt here this summer he will run the fastest of any thing i ever saw for a horse he is not one of the spanish mustang he is what the cal a rocky mountain wild horse well i think i have wrote a plenty or more then any of you can find out so you must excues the bad righting now Mrs. Clemons dont you laught at me and i will send my love to you for you know i like you i shall send this letter by a old hunter to the railroad i dont know where it will be maled or when you will get it so good by regards to all

Lafayette Clemons

OXFORD COUNTY RECORD, Hiram, Feb. 19, 1887: Sometime since a brother and two sisters of Lafayette Clemons received Denver papers indicating that he was destroyed by mountain lions, Mr. Clemons has recently written to Col. Twitchell and Mrs. Elias Gould, pleading a misnomer and an alibi, and expressing grave doubts about the bones found in the Haunted Gulch having been his own. In legislative parlance, we gladly "recede and concur." Nevertheless, we hope "Lafe" will spruce up, attend church and the sewing circle, and back up our obituary notice of him. Llewellyn.

Lafayette Clemons and his wife eventually returned to Hiram, where Lafayette died Oct. 12, 1888. Most of his descendants live in the West today.

Hubert W. Clemons
Hiram

(continued on page 40)

HARD TO PLACE: A Vanished Landmark

by Nancy Marcotte



*The July issue of BitterSweet featured a **Can You Place It?** photograph of the Carding Mill and Sanderson house in South Waterford. The mill—a one-time landmark—was moved to Old Sturbridge Village, Massachusetts 17 years ago.*

For nearly a century and a half, the clapboard and shingle structure stood beside the outlet of Keoka Lake. Its machinery, ordered from England in the early 19th century by a builder Oliver Hapgood, was operated by a variety of owners. Then one day in 1963 a crew of workmen came into town, carefully numbered and dismantled the mill and its equipment, and eventually moved it away. Thus did South Waterford contribute an important part of itself to New England history. The Hapgood carding mill operates today on the millpond of a restored historical museum community—Old Sturbridge Village in Sturbridge, Mass.

The mill was built, appropriately, on the bank of Mill Brook to provide a needed service for the farmers of the area: the carding or finishing of raw wool. The results of many sheep shearings were carted into

the mill to be cleaned, washed, dried, brushed (or “carded” by metal brushes) and prepared into either flat batting for stuffing quilts and comforters or rolls used for spinning.

In 1810, when Oliver Hapgood erected the structure, a sod dam was built to stop the flow of the brook which rushed through town. The mill pond thus formed provided water to turn the bucket-type water wheel and power the carding machinery.

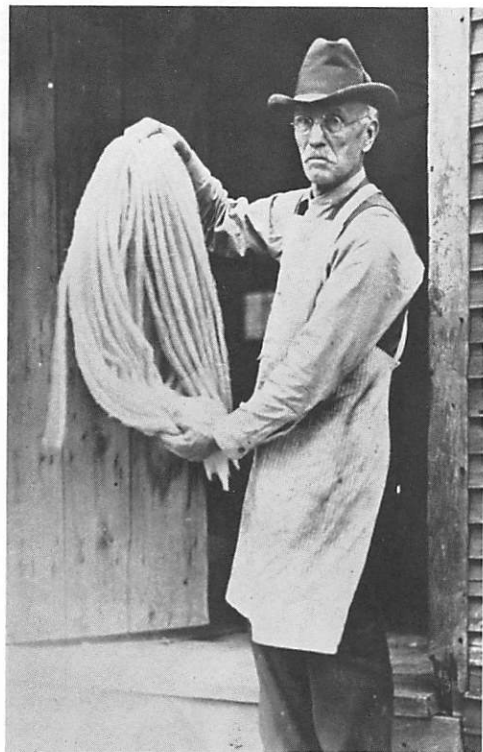
An English wool picker and two carding machines—thought to be rare Scholfield equipment—were installed in the structure. It was then ready for the ox-carts full of raw wool being brought in. In those days every little rocky-pastured farm kept a few sheep for household use—and most farmwives knew the techniques of spinning thread for weaving and yarn for knitting.

The advancement of the community of South Waterford "City" into the manufacture of carded wool was a boon to folks for miles around. The mill stood alongside other mills in the busy little community. It shared a stable with the big shingle and box plant. Mill Brook was lined with cider mills and other manufactories powered at various times of the year by the ample stream of water.

Zebedee Perry and E. W. Ayer were other proprietors of the busy wool carding operation until 1887 when it was purchased by Walter K. Hamlin.

W.K. Hamlin was one of the town's most prosperous citizens, having worked for many years in the factories of Connecticut. He was an educated man, a product of the respected Academy at Bridgton. He had come back to Maine to manage the family farm—a huge piece of property originally settled by W.K.'s great-grandfather America Hamlin, a Revolutionary War hero (and uncle to U.S. Vice President Hannibal Hamlin.)

W.K. Hamlin in the 1920's with rolls of wool used for spinning.



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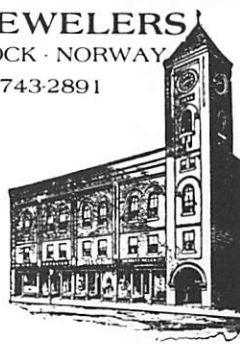
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The carding mill was just the sort of property that community-minded man was looking for. Facing it, separated only by the dirt road, was a cozy flower-bedecked cottage for his family. Across the brook and up a hill was the site of W.K.'s prize-winning creamery. He bought the mill and, together with his wife Clara, expanded its operation. Three of the couple's four daughters, Flora, Carrie and Jennie, worked as members of the crew from the age of 8, standing on boxes to feed raw wool into the picking machine. Son Albert grew up to eventually take over the operation of the mill; he ran it from the 1930's until his retirement about 1955, and he was the one who sold it to Sturbridge Village.

Albert died in 1964, but his recollections of the carding business had been recorded before that:

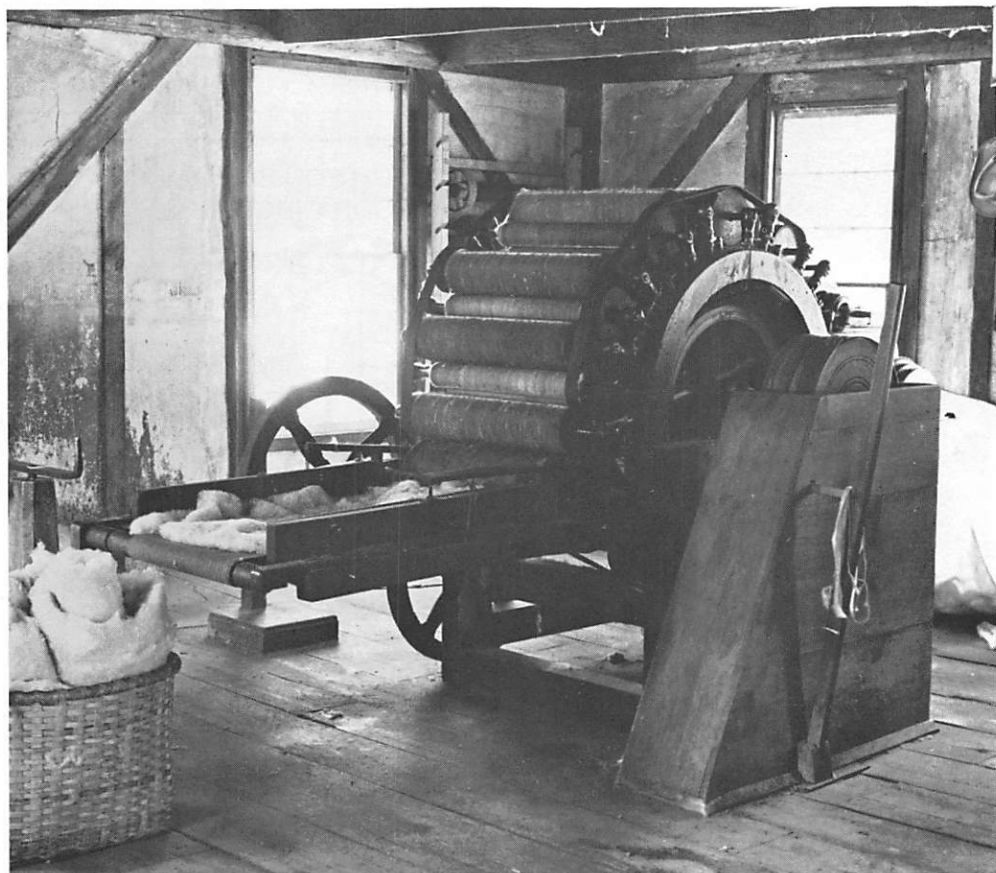
"In those days the wool growers would bring their supply to the mill all washed and

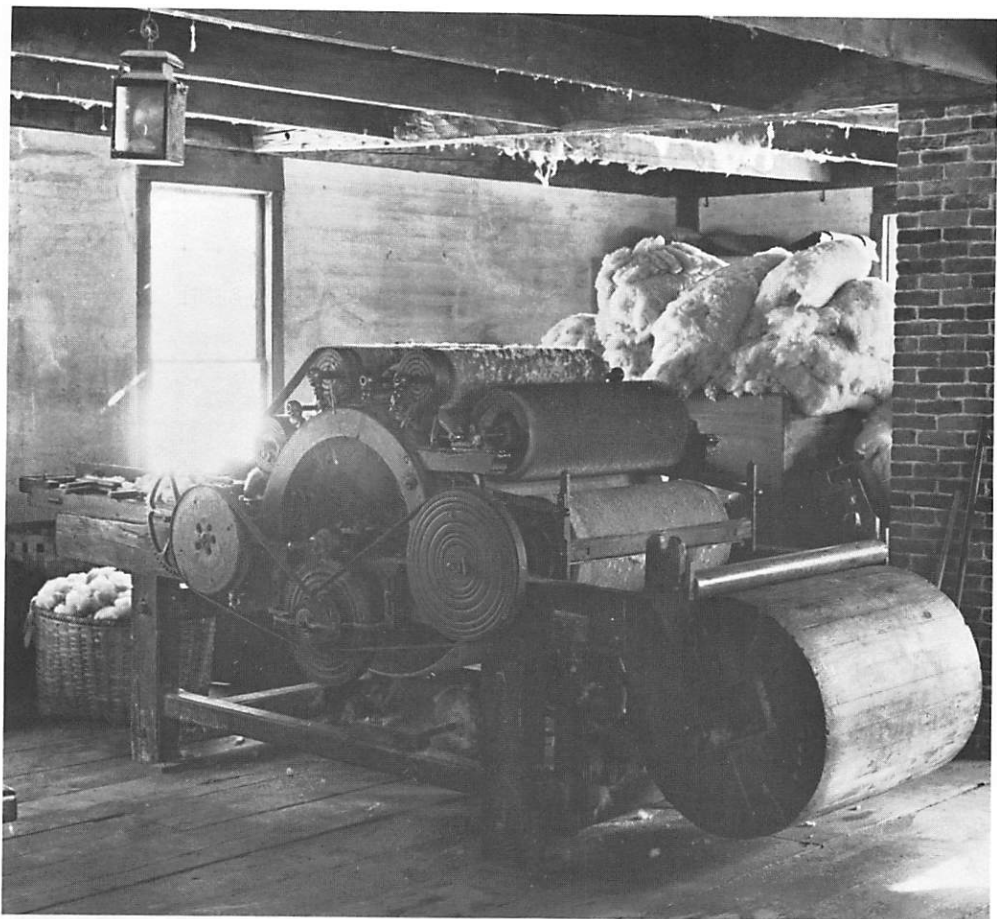
dried ready to be processed. There were some of the customers who brought it right from the sheep's back, and we children had to put it through the washing and drying process before it was placed on the cards.

"When Father first took over the mill, business was flourishing. We used to card about a hundred pounds a day. Customers would bring in their sacks with anywhere from five pounds to fifty pounds. We had to watch each lot as it went through the picker and cards and be sure each customer got his full amount of finished wool for spinning.

"Father insisted that the wool go through the picking machine a couple of times. This machine fined up, pulled out the bunches, and threw out the dirt. The wool then went through the first breaker where it came out on a big roll as batts, and we took it off in 60-inch lengths. It usually took two of these batts to fill a quilt. They weighed a pound each.

Original English Carding Mill machinery.





Wooden rolls pressed wool into batts.

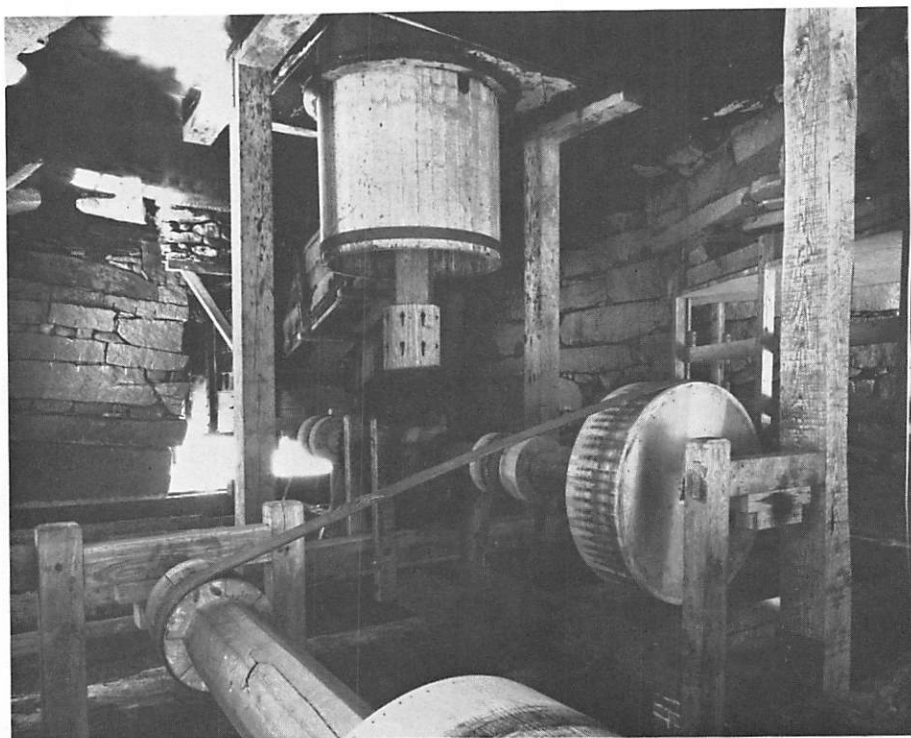
"If the customer wanted the wool in rolls for spinning we then broke up the batts into three pieces and placed them on the feed of the second breaker card, where the wool finally came out in flimsy rolls. When we had enough in a pile we would lift it up, twist it and place it in the original sack. It was all ready for spinning."

The business boomed in the early 20th century, with wool coming from all over the state. The water wheel turned all through high water in the spring and summer, keeping the wooden-pulley-driven machines running until cold winter weather silenced them.

Most handmade quilts of antique vintage in this part of the state were undoubtedly stuffed with Hamlin batts. Summer visitors cultivated business from all over the country.

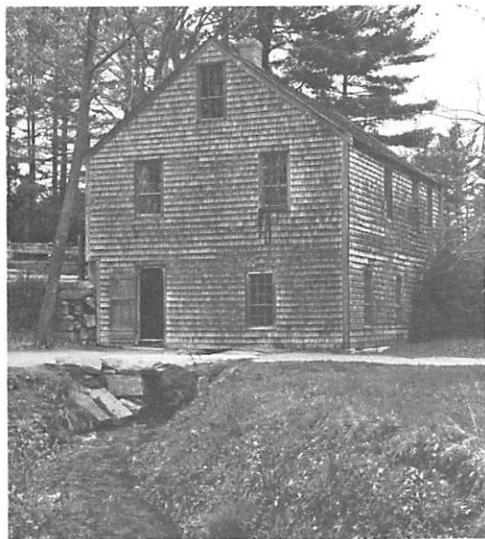
In 1936 a spring flood tore away part of the sod dam; the rest went out in a raging torrent in 1954 and then a small engine was used to operate one machine at a time. With the advent of electric blankets and synthetic fiberfills, the wool business began to decline. Albert Hamlin ran it only two months a year toward the end of its operation—finally closing the old double doors one day and walking off to leave it the way it had always been.

The wooden rolls of the batt machinery had been maintained but never replaced, making them an excellent 150-yr.-old find for the museum people. The mill is in operation still at Massachusetts' Sturbridge Village. The ancient equipment, lanolin-soaked from centuries of naturally oily wool passing through, still produces rolls (called rolags) for spinners in the village complex.



*Under the mill: water
sluiceway and operating gears.*

*The Hapgood Carding Mill
in its new location.*



The original site of the transported landmark is empty now, save for a plaque denoting its significance. Even the foundation stones were moved. The stable still stands but most of the other mills are gone. One or two have become residences. The house, which still exists, was the home of W.K.'s son-in-law Arthur Sander-son until his death last year at the age of 99. The building is still in the family, owned now by Walter's 28-year-old great-grand-son. The former mill pond is now a grassy field; the brook trickles on unchecked.

I like to think of the place as it was in its heyday, as viable as the late Albert Hamlin remembered it from his youth:

"Father . . . ran the water wheel nights to give us electric lights until we were ready to retire. I remember each night when Father would announce that it was bedtime, light his lantern, go over to the mill and shut off the water. We were all in bed by the time the lights were out for the night." □

The author is one of the great-grandchildren of W.K. Hamlin of So. Waterford.

Homemade With Apples

WHAT'S COOKIN'



WITH THE BEAR MT. COMMUNITY CLUB

What's Cooking, the South Waterford Bear Mountain Community Club's time-tested collection of favorite local recipes, contains several suggestions for fixing the fall apple harvest. Some samples:

Apple Sauce Cake

(from the kitchen of the late Flora G. Abbott)

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup butter
- 1 cup sour applesauce
- 1 cup chopped raisins
- 1 tsp. soda added to applesauce
- Salt, Cinnamon, Cloves and Nutmeg
- 1¾ cups flour

Add flour to applesauce mixture, then spices and raisins. Bake in moderate oven.

Apple Spice Cake

(from the kitchen of Leslie C. Bradford)

- 3¼ cup sifted all purpose flour
- 2½ cup sugar
- ¾ cup butter or margarine
- 3 eggs
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- 5 cups pared, cored, chopped apples
- 1½ cup chopped walnuts

Preheat oven 350°. Combine first 8 ingredients in large bowl, blend thoroughly (will be dry). Add apples 1 cup at a time, mix well after each addition. Stir in nuts.

Bake 10" tube pan or Bundt pan, well-greased for 1 hr. 15 min. Cool 15 min., remove from pan. Add orange glaze, confectioner's sugar, shipped cream if desired.

Orange Glaze—Combine 2 tsp. grated orange rind, ½ cup orange juice, 1¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup water in small saucepan. Bring to boil. Cook 10 min. (makes ½ cup)

Apple Latkes (pancakes for 4-6)

(from the kitchen of Mrs. Leopold Amster)

- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 Tbsp. honey
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 egg, separated
- 1 tbsp. salad oil
- ¾ cup milk
- 3 med. apples
- ½ cup all-purpose shortening

Mix & sift dry ingredients in bowl. Combine egg yolk, honey, oil & milk, add to dry ingredients. Blend well. Beat egg whites until stiff (not dry). Fold into batter.

Pare, core apples, cut in ¼" slices across width. Soak until ready to use in water & lemon juice. Dip slices in batter, fry in hot fat over med. heat 3 min. Brown both sides. Serve hot with powdered sugar.

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BRAINTEASER XXII

Family Tree

It was a bit of a squash getting all this family into the car for a Sunday drive.

But, as one of the men pointed out, it wasn't quite as bad as it sounded!

You see, there was a grandfather and a grandmother; a father-in-law, a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law; two daughters; two sisters and two sons; a brother, two fathers and two mothers—plus four children and three grandchildren!

Actually there were fewer than ten of them in the car. But how many exactly?



ANSWER TO BRAINTEASER XXI

When George went back to bed, he wound up his watch. When the policemen stopped him it read 2:37. From the time his watch had started ticking again at 11:17, until 2:37, was a lapsed time of 3 hours and 20 minutes. Subtracting that much time from the policeman's time of 7:30 A.M. made it 4:10 A.M. when he had heard the glass break. So the man picked up at 2 A.M. could be safely eliminated as a suspect and released from jail, insofar as this robbery is concerned.





The Sunsets of Weld

for Aunt Dot

In the hills,
The ones that surround
Lake Webb and its
Town of Weld,
The sun sets
At different times.
From the mid-shores in late July
The sun slides slowly
Down the middle of the notch;
But from Center Hill:

It sweeps the face
Of Tumbledown.
From West side, the
Day is shorter yet,
As barn tops of tin reflect
From across the lake.
And on Jackson,
So say the children of Weld—
The sun, it never sets
Up there.

*Richard Kent
Rumford*

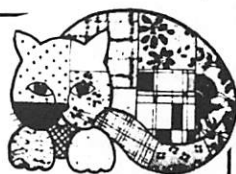


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You don't say

Fish Stories

My favorite time of the year in Maine is the fall. This is when my two fishing buddies and I head for the Rangeley Lakes to do some fishing. It's the best time of the year to fish these waters since the big trout are making their way up stream to spawn.

The Rangeley Lakes, located in the Northwestern part of the state, were formed by advancing glaciers during the Ice Age. When the glaciers retreated they left a large number of deep spring-fed lakes that make ideal habitat for the Eastern brook trout.

In the 1800's these Rangeley Lakes drew fishermen from all over the world, fishing places like Parmachini Lake, Kennebago Lake and Kennebago Stream.

Donnie, Neil and I all operate small businesses in Norway. Donnie runs a clothing store, Neil operates a Finnish Sauna Bath and I run a Cemetery Monument Company. We plan all summer for our fall trip at a small camp on Cupsuptic Lake. The Paper Company owns most of the woodlands, but have always been very generous in letting the public hunt, fish and camp on the land.

We arrive at the camp in the afternoon and set about getting it opened up and aired out. We all take on certain tasks. I cook, Neil washes the dishes and Donnie makes up the beds. The camp which we will call home for the next week is located on one of the many streams that lead into the lakes. It was used as the Postmasters Office during the years of the great pulp drives in the 1800's.

Our first night in camp is spent swapping fishing stories. Reminders of the one's that didn't get away are hung on the walls around the camp. Everywhere you look there are pictures with the dates and weights of the "Big Ones." Some are brook trout and some are salmon.

Our first night in camp is a sleepless one. Alarms are set for 4:30 a.m. so we can be assured of getting a good spot on the stream. The river we are going to fish is Kennebago Stream. It is a slow moving stream that has a clear gravel bed, making an ideal spawning place for the brook trout.

Morning finally arrives. We leave camp dressed in hip boots, wool shirts and winter jackets, since September can sometimes be quite cold. I have seen years when water would freeze in the guides of your fly rod.

As we turn down the old railroad bed that runs along the river, a pick-up truck turns in just ahead of us, shattering our hopes of being the first ones



on the river. We follow the truck down the old road, passing such fishing spots as Steep Bank Pool and Trout Rock. Finally we reach our destination only to find the men in the truck have already parked and are heading into the woods for a half mile walk to the river. On this section of the river, there are two food pools to fish, one is called the Spawning Bed, named for the large trout that spawn on the clear gravel bottom. During the early morning hours you can stand on the bank of the river and watch the big trout rolling to their side, expelling their eggs and the males driving each other all over the pool trying to establish their territory. At this time of year the trout does very little feeding and will strike at a fly more out of anger than from hunger.

Arriving at the pool, we find the men ahead of us have all the good fishing spots and if we hadn't taken time for that extra cup of coffee, we could have been the ones fishing. After a short discussion, Neil remembers a pool about a quarter of a mile up stream where he has had good fishing in the past.

The path that we follow is really only a moose and deer trail, but in twenty minutes of fighting our way through thick alders we reach the river. In this large pool there are only three good places to fish, the upper end where fast water enters the pool, the middle of the pool where the water is still and drops to a depth of twelve feet and then the end of the pool where the water runs between two and four feet deep.

I hand Donnie and Neil a streamer that I have been working on, trying to come up with a good fall trout fly, I had named it the Ryan's Dark Tiger. As we take up our positions to fish, an Otter swims into the pool and off onto the far side. All of a sudden the pool is alive with rolling trout.

I stand chest-deep in the water as the sun peers over the top of the spruce trees, lighting up the dark water. When the sunlight reaches the lower section of the pool, Neil can see three good sized trout lying at the end of the pool, just ahead of the fast water. As he casts his streamer upstream and drifts it down in front of the trout, one of the fish moves toward the fly. Suddenly, a huge black object moves out of the deepest part of the pool and strikes the streamer. Neil lets out a yell and exclaims that he has the "Grand Daddy" of them all.

As Donnie and I watch, Neil's rod takes a sharp bend and the line heads upstream. Neil moves around to the side of the pool where we are standing. The big fish dives to the bottom of the pool and seems to just lay there on the bottom. In order to get the fish to move, Neil puts more pressure on the butt of the rod, forcing the fish to swim in the current. After about 20 minutes the fish comes into sight, offering us our first glimpse.

We all stand in amazement at the size of the trout as he rolls and twists trying to chof the leader on a bush that strikes out into the pool. As Donnie and I watch the big fish roll, Donnie tells Neil he had better take a good look at the fish because there is no way we are going to get it into our little net. Neil doesn't think the remark is funny.

In about five minutes the fish slows his rolling and twisting. Neil brings it over close to where Donnie is standing with the net, and twice the fish heads again for the deep water. Finally, it lies almost motionless as Donnie places the net under and lifts the fish up out of the water. With an arm covering the net he headed for the shore.

We stand on the bank and marvel at the brilliant red belly of the spawning Eastern brook trout, the largest and most beautiful any of us has seen.

Then we head for the road. On our way back to camp we stop at the Rangeley Store to get the Big Fish Weighed!

SEVEN AND ONE HALF POUNDS

27 INCHES LONG

Not a bad way to end the season.

*Tom Ryan III
Oxford*

THE MAINE POTATOES - BY BRITT WOLFE



Heading Out

The Hiram Nature Study Area

The Central Maine Power Co. owns a great deal of acreage around its Hiram Falls generating plant. Instead of encircling it with no trespassing signs the company has, at its own expense, developed The Hiram Nature Study Area which is "open to the public without discrimination." It is also open to hunting and fishing in season. It is licensed by the Federal Power Commission and approved by half a dozen State of Maine Departments.

The area is a bit hard to find since the access road is not marked. Starting at the State operated picnic area which overlooks Hiram Falls, one travels a hundred yards or so down hill in the direction of Hiram Village. Halfway down the hill, a gravel road leads away to the left. Here you will leave Rts. 5 and 113, cross the Maine Central Railroad track, climb a moderately steep hill and you are at the area.

Ample parking is available at the left of the road; on the right, guarded by a stained log railing, is the picnic area complete with tables, trash barrels and toilets. One marvels at its immaculate condition.

Shaded by stately pines and sweet smelling evergreens of various sorts, it is the starting point for hiking: The Base Trail, the Overlook Trail and the River Trail. They are wide, brush free and smooth to travel and are between one and two miles long.

Along their sides, the many woodland

plants are identified by neat signs bearing both their common and their botanical names.

The area is bounded on two sides by the power-giving Saco River and Ingalls Pond.

By contacting Mr. Norman Holt c/o Central Maine Power Co. Canco Road, Portland, Me. schools, nature study groups and others can arrange for a guided tour of the area. (A tour of the nearby generating station may also be arranged.)

A competent person under the pay of the Central Maine Power Co. will serve as guide and explain the many wonders of the area.

It should also perhaps be mentioned that although the area bears the name Hiram it actually lies in the Town of Baldwin.

It is a natural cathedral for communion with nature, unspoiled by too much "improvement," a place where one can rest, meditate and find peace for the soul.

*Raymond Cotton
Hiram*

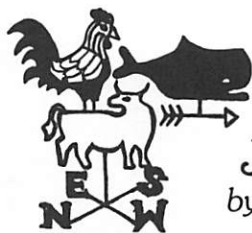


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by Jay Burns
SUNNY DAYS

We all know that all sunny days are not alike. There are two types. The first is the dry, cool and windy sunny day of early fall. The second is the hot and muggy sunny day of late August. Both types are important to me. They are for either golf or fishing, two activities so completely different that they demand two entirely different types of weather. For me, golfing is perfect on a dry, cool and windy day. Fishing is best when it's hot and muggy. But remember, both days are sunny. Let me explain.

I play golf at Lake Kezar Country Club in Lovell. In terms of elevation, this course is not one of the region's most lofty. There are several sections that are damn swampy. And as we all know, mosquitoes breed in swampy areas. So it should come as no surprise that Lake Kezar Country Club has one of the largest armies of mosquitoes in the area. The mosquitoes change the game. A 3-foot putt for par becomes a 50-foot putt for the U.S. Open when the mosquitoes are attacking legs, arms, neck, face and ears. Pity the poor golfer who slices or hooks his golf ball into mosquito-infested rough. Any golfer should add a special "mosquito handicap" to his game when playing at Lake Kezar when the mosquitoes are out in force.

So I hope for a cool dry and windy type of sunny day when I play golf. The coolness and dryness retards the mosquito's activity. The wind blows the bugs around so they lose their bearings and end up attacking a seven-iron instead of a left ear lobe. If the sunny day happens to be hot and muggy with no wind, you might as well golf on the run. Or go fishing.

When I fish I hope for heat and humidity. I fish for small mouth bass on Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire. When fishing the most important part of the whole operation is positioning the boat so you can

cast your bait in the exact place you want it. You know exactly where you want to be. Any wind or wave action disrupts your concentration so you cannot position your boat correctly.

Fishing is basically an exercise in concentration and patience. You must be able to tell if your bait is being taken by a three pound bass or if it's just the swaying boat that makes it seem as if a prize winner is running with your line.

A couple of years ago when we went to Lake Winnepesaukee it was windy and cool for the entire week. We didn't catch one full-sized bass the whole time. It may have been that the bass just weren't biting. But I believe that the wind disrupted our normal fishing patterns enough so that we couldn't have caught a fish if it jumped into the boat.

One of the places that we fish is near two island. The location is not protected from northwest winds. The wind that day was out of the northwest at about 10 to 20 miles per hour. We tried to position the boat where we always place it: about 20 feet away from a black buoy. But because of the wind and waves it took us perhaps twenty minutes to get in the right place. When we finally started fishing we realized that our anchor was dragging. Now it's not as if we have some dinky little sinker for an anchor. By this time we have three cinder blocks, five bricks, an automobile engine and the anchor from the USS Yorktown. But we are now fifty from the buoy and rapidly gliding into deep water.

After another twenty minutes of trying to get our anchor to hold, it finally catches on a sixty ton boulder. We can begin to fish. But our fishing area is very restricted because the wind forces us to cast downwind. So we have several lines clogging a few square feet of water. With all the rocking and swaying of the boat false alarms are sounded every few minutes. A cry of "I think I got one!" is replaced by "It's just caught on a rock."

In this situation it's impossible to fish. You can't concentrate on fishing nor can you really fish where you want to since you've severely limited by the wind. The chances of catching fish when it is windy are slim. Better to be golfing.

Jay Burns is a senior at Oxford Hills High School. He lives in Waterford where he serves as a weather observer for WCSH-TV.

Ayah

letters to the editor

More Names Of Interest

Near West Paris are Hungry Hollow, Succor Harbor and Trap Corner. At Bryant Pond on the other side of Lake Christopher—people speak of North Woodstock as Pinhook. West Sumner used to be known as Jackson Village; I don't know why.

Maryanne Ellingwood
Ledgeview Memorial Home
West Paris

See article on page 13 for more local place names.

Right After All

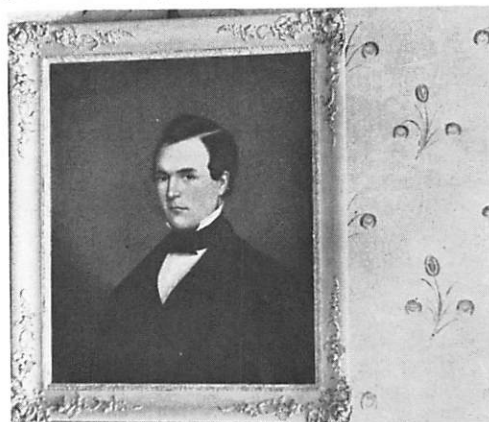
Helen Clifford Millary suggests (in her letter to the editor in your July 1980 issue) that Harry Walker (in his article "About Art and Artists" in your May 1980 issue) may have erred in his identification of "old Stephen R. Parsons" (1830-1905) as the subject of an 1858 portrait by John Fitz. Her objection is that since Stephen R. Parsons was only 28 years of age in 1858, he could not reasonably be classified as "old" in that year. She suggests that the actual subject may have been SRP's grandfather, Stephen Robinson (1765-1825), whose likeness could have been taken from an old photograph some 33 years after his death. Since Helen and I share Stephen R. Parsons as a great-grandfather, I also have an interest in the matter.

Actually, Harry was right. However, his use of the adjective "old" in front of SRP's name was a little misleading. The painting, which hangs today in the parlour of SRP's old home in South Paris, depicts a man who is obviously young (see attached photo). An old account book preserved at the house shows that SRP's father (John Parsons, Jr., 1795-1868) paid John Fitz \$7.33 for a painting

on March 20, 1858. Additional insight into the painting comes from another entry in a brief journal kept by SRP himself in 1858. John Fitz is credited with five and one-half days' work, at an unspecified task and for an unspecified wage, with the bill being settled on March 20. The two accounts taken together indicate that John Fitz spent some five and one half days on the painting, and was paid roughly \$1.50 per day for his efforts. Although this was about double the going wage for farm labor at that time, it still seems quite cheap for a portrait painter's commission. Apparently John Fitz's work did not command the top dollar in 1858.

The portrait in question is apparently unsigned. We attribute it to John Fitz in 1858 because of the account book entries, because of the good fit between SRP's known age in 1858 and the comparably youthful appearance of the portrait's subject, and because it is the only formal 19th century portrait in the family's possession. We know with reasonable certainty that the picture is of "young" Stephen R. Parsons (his six children, all of whom survived well into the period of living family memory, all identified it as such). I suspect that Harry Walker's phrase "old Stephen R. Parsons" was intended to connote relative great age with respect to the present day.

In view of Pamela Libby's article on Oxford County's stencilling in your August 1980 issue, perhaps I should also call attention to the stencilled floral designs to the right of SRP's portrait in the attached photo. These designs were



discovered some years ago when old wallpaper was removed. Since the stencils rest directly on the original plaster wall, under several layers of wallpaper, we think they were executed when the house was built at the beginning of the 19th century. Additional stencilling appears throughout the front hall (on both the first and second floors) of the same building (see second attached photo), where it has never been covered by wallpaper. Unfortunately, we still have no knowledge on who did the stencilling or the circumstances under which the artwork was carried out. Suggestions would be much appreciated, and we hope the illustrations shown here may indicate specific artisans to some **BitterSweet** reader(s).

Jeffrey R. Parsons
Ann Arbor, Michigan

You don't say ~~~~~ ❖

The Tinsman

Down a quiet, sun dappled country road on a day in the late 1800's comes the sounds of cart wheels, horse's hoofs and the rattle and clatter of tin. A child peers up the road, then races into the farm kitchen calling, "Mamma, mamma, here comes the tin man." And, true enough, so it is.

Being a tinsmith was a lucrative business in the late 1800's and the very early 1900's.

One such center of trade was located upstairs in a brick building which stood west of the present Casco Bank in Buckfield. This was one of the first tin shops in the area. The ground level store in that building was owned by I.W. Shaw and he may well have also been a tinsmith.

The tinsmith made his tin and shaped it into articles used in everyday living, such as dippers, cups, scoops, quart cans, stove funnels and eave gutters. When he had finished several items he loaded his cart with his shiny wares and set out on his rounds. The tinware, however, was not sold. No money was exchanged. The tinsmith bartered for whatever the farmers could part with. Dried beans, dried apples, animal skins, pieces of wood or worn out clothing, were given in exchange for the tinware.

Items which the tinsmith received by barter, in their turn became trade items. The old woolen clothing was ground up and made into fresh wool yarn, which was made into a material called shoddy. The skins, or hides, were either sold or traded. It is presumed that other things found their way to markets to be dickered for or purchased.

It is said that the local tinsmith, with native shrewdness and ambition "made a lot of money." And, doubtless, those who bartered for the tinware felt that they had made a good trade, too.

Alice Parks ❑

nest, if he knows where to look. Tanagers usually weave their nests with strips of bark and line them with rootlets on the horizontal branches of saplings, although they do, at times, nest higher up in more mature trees.

There are two other varieties of tanagers in North America, and they are the western and the summer. When I lived in Las Vegas, New Mexico, I spent considerable time roaming the conifer-clad hills searching unsuccessfully for the western tanager which, except for the male's crimson head, is yellow and black. Three years ago I was strolling about the Baldwin estate - the setting for the television series "Fantasy Island" - near Los Angeles when I glanced up in the trees and spotted a western tanager perched on a branch of an orange tree.

Two summers ago as my wife and I set out to walk about the battlefield at Shiloh (Pittsburg Landing) in Tennessee, I again heard what I thought to be a scarlet tanager singing. Suddenly a splotch of red alighted upon the ground as if to remind us that during the two-day battle in April, 1862, these grounds were drenched in blood. It was a summer tanager, the only one I have ever seen.

Although the scarlet tanager is a bird possessing rare beauty, it also is an extremely useful bird. Tanager have prodigious appetites and devour huge quantities of harmful caterpillars, tree-boring beetles, and other insects. They are also herbivorous and have an affinity for sundry kinds of seeds including many varieties of weeds. If one is fortunate enough to have a few tanagers nesting in his woodlands, he need not worry about the need for insecticides. He should, however, worry about what spraying insecticides can do to the tanager, one of Maine's most exotic birds. ❑

Jack Barnes
Hiram

RECONSTRUCTION

Eunice Twaddle

Once lived in this Maine house.

She received "The Ladies Home Journal"
in 1891.

That's all I know

Except that she used the Journal

As wall insulation.

Casually or in desperation

I can't say

But eighty eight years later

Her magazine and name

Are circulated, valued relics,

So little facts tell.

JoAnne Zywna Kerr
Weld

Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE PART II

"Diseases desperate grown by desperate
appliance are reliev'd, Or not at all."
(*Hamlet*, Act IV, William Shakespeare)

In the context of the great problem of high blood pressure, it is productive to look at hypertensive emergencies as a graphic illustration of what can happen to one who ignores the seemingly innocuous problem of a high blood pressure reading. Hypertensive emergencies are always life-threatening. Their treatment requires an intensive care unit setting and powerful, and potentially dangerous drugs.

number) and any of the symptoms listed above should be hospitalized and treated immediately.

Among the other hypertension-related emergencies are acute pulmonary edema, acute myocardial infarction, dissecting aortic aneurysm, cerebral hemorrhage, and toxemia of pregnancy.

Acute pulmonary edema is severe congestion of the lungs which occurs when the heart, persistently overtaxed by sustained high blood pressure either poorly treated or not treated at all, cannot pump its load of blood adequately. The patient becomes desperately short of breath and in severe cases may actually foam at the mouth and die of drowning in his own body fluids. When pulmonary edema occurs in the face of severe untreated hypertension, the tragedy is compounded by the realization that proper treatment would have prevented this complication.

Acute myocardial infarction, the medical term for what we consider a "heart attack," is irreversible death of heart muscle and is one of the common risks of sustained high

"The disease "hypertension" is symptom-less per se. It is the "silent disease."

Accelerated or "malignant" hypertension occurs in hypertensives whose disease has been either poorly controlled or not treated at all. Most commonly, it occurs in those patients who have high blood pressure stemming from kidney problems, although it may occur in the setting of essential hypertension (see last month's article).

In malignant hypertension there is a rapid increase in the diastolic blood pressure with ensuing confusion, sleepiness, blurred vision, severe headache, nausea and vomiting. Severe left heart failure and myocardial infarction (a "heart attack" in which heart muscle is irreparably damaged) can occur in this setting. The kidneys are almost always severely damaged. Delay in initiating therapy complicates the problem, and a patient with malignant hypertension should not be difficult for a physician to identify, although the patient may not at the time appear to be seriously ill. A patient who has a diastolic blood pressure (the lower

blood pressure.

Another dangerous complication occurs when the wall of the aorta (the largest artery of the body), weakened by the aging process, tears because of severe hypertension. Blood is then forced between the layers of the wall of the aorta and dissects down the wall, separating the layers. The obvious concern is the possibility of rupture and sudden death.

A patient with hypertension who has sudden severe chest or abdominal pain should always be suspected of having a dissecting aortic aneurysm. Stroke, or "shock" in the local vernacular, is a common complication of hypertension. In contradistinction to those strokes caused by blood clots, strokes caused by a hypertensive bleed into the brain are usually catastrophic.

Adequate prenatal care will prevent toxemia of pregnancy, a condition featuring rapid acceleration of high blood pressure similar to that found in malignant hyper-

tension. In this complication of high blood pressure, as with the others, prevention once again is the message.

Some of the known causes of high blood pressure deserve special consideration. In a young adult with significant high blood pressure, there should be a careful search for coarctation of the aorta. In this condition the aorta becomes "pinched off" or severely narrowed at a point and results in very high blood pressure readings in the arms and an almost unobtainable blood pressure in the legs. The condition is extremely uncommon and is easily diagnosed if looked for.

There are, as well, known hormonal causes of high blood pressure. Of these, the hypertension associated with birth control pills is the most common. Those taking birth control pills have about a 5% chance of becoming hypertensive, and half of those patients who do become hypertensive on birth control pills remain hypertensive after the drug has been stopped. This is not a reason to avoid birth control pills necessarily, but it is a reason to have close medical follow-up once birth control pills have been started. The degree of high blood pressure is in some way related to the amount of estrogen in the birth control pills, so it is most desirable to get away with using a birth control pill having a low concentration of estrogen if that is possible.

Tumors of the adrenal gland are notorious for causing high blood pressure. In one syndrome (Cushing's syndrome) the patient becomes obese, but the body fat is predominantly deposited upon the trunk, and the total weight rarely exceeds 200 pounds. In addition, there is some hirsutism, a tendency for diabetes, marked facial flushing, and some thinning of the bone. The syndrome is uncommon and easily recognized.

The second adrenal syndrome causing high blood pressure is "pheochromocytoma" in which the patient has an excessive amount of adrenalin-like compounds. This causes persistent headaches, excessive perspiration, heart palpitations, **significant weight loss**, as well as significant hypertension. It should be looked for in all hypertensive patients under age 35, in patients who have hypertension coupled with headache, excessive sweating and palpitations, in patients who have consistent diastolic blood pressures of 130 or more, and in patients who have severe paroxysms of high blood pressure.

The final adrenal problem causing high blood pressure is that stemming from a tumor-producing aldosterone. Of the adrenal gland causes of high blood pressure, this is probably the most common, although there is much debate about just how common this may be. In this syndrome there are no easy symptoms which can point to the diagnosis, symptoms such as weight loss and excessive sweating in pheochromocytoma, or trunkal obesity and facial flushing in Cushing's syndrome. However, there are some simple blood tests which can screen for this disease of excess aldosterone, and every hypertensive patient should be screened with these simple blood tests.

Various kinds of kidney disease may lead to hypertension. Kidneys which are diseased release a hormone, renin, which results in high blood pressure, often to a severe degree. Suffice it to say that the patient who has a history of kidney disease should keep in mind the possibility of developing hypertension in later years and should have periodic checks for this.

This concludes a two-part review of high blood pressure and its attendant problems. Several points deserve emphasis.

The disease "hypertension" is symptomless per se. It is the "silent disease."

The name hypertension does not imply increased tension, or anxiety, or stress, although these factors may aggravate high blood pressure. The patient cannot "feel" that his blood pressure is up and most commonly is unaware that it is elevated.

Treatment of high blood pressure is usually fraught with numerous side effects, but by manipulating the various drugs in combination, these side effects can be minimized. **Most usually**, the treatment of high blood pressure is life-long.

Hypertension cannot be cured, and the medicines used to control it do not lead to a cure. They are not designed to be taken for a time and then discontinued, much as one might take penicillin for a time and clear up a pneumonia. Diet, weight control, exercise, salt restriction, and strict adherence to the routine of pill-taking are very important if one is to control hypertension and prevent its complications. □

Dr. Lacombe, a member of the Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, is a member of the Stephens Memorial Health Education Project Board.

and only scorched the backside of the house; although it burned the other buildings up Main Street."

Her family's home, situated on the corner of Main and Fair Streets, was also spared, thanks to a nameless drifter. Charlotte says the man helped the family wet down the roof and walls by running the roof as the family passed water up to him through the skylight. No one ever knew his name. No one ever knew where he came from.

"We always figured he must have been a sailor," she recalls, "because he could run that beam. They said he was the one that kept the house from burning.

"You see," Charlotte explains, "when a big fire like that comes, everybody just drifts in from all over God's creation to see it. Word had gotten round then that the whole town was going."

In fact, if the people had stayed at home instead of rushing out to watch the fire, more homes might have been saved.

"If people had stayed home and looked after things they said it never would have got such a headway," Charlotte said. "They all left their houses to see the fire and some got burned right out."

Ten years after the last smoldering embers of the fire had died, the town was awakened to another kind of excitement. The automobile.

"The first in Norway was a Moxie car," Charlotte recalls. "It was a car that was travelling for Moxie (the soft drink) people. 'More noise!' she exclaims, laughing. "It made noise like a thrashing machine. Oh! It was terrible! And it shook the gizzard just about out of you."

A friend of Charlotte's happened to be driving the car, so she was lucky enough to have a ride in it. Later, it was displayed at the fairgrounds where she remembers her father viewed it with scorn.

"Father laughed and laughed," she says, chuckling herself. "He said, 'Those things will never work in the world. They'll never have anything like that 'round here.' And in short time they started coming in."

Charlotte says her father mistakenly believed that there was "nothing that could ever take the place of a horse." Of course he was wrong. Just about as wrong, she admits, as she was about television.

While whorking as a clerk for C.B. Cummings Co. (she worked for the company

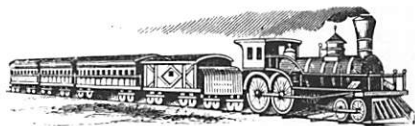
47 years from 1914 to 1960 and upon retirement was presented with a silver watch) she first heard of the notion of television.

"A man came in the office one day," she explains, "where we were talking, and this fellow spoke up and he says There's a time coming when you're going to be able to have something right in your home and you can see everything. And you can see the pictures!

"Well, we didn't believe that," she continues. "The next thing we knew of was the talking pictures. First thing we knew we got movie talkies down here, and then came T.V."

During the 92-year span of her life, Charlotte has seen the impractical (such as the proposed electric railroad from Norway to Waterford) as well as the practical.

"(The electric railroad) was going to be a big thing," she says, "but it never got completed because their finances went haywire."



Instead, the town continued to rely on the Grand Trunk railroad for transportation, long distance and local.

"That's the only way you had of getting in and out," Charlotte recalls. "You could get to Paris from the Norway Brand railroad and connect with the Grand Trunk. That would take you where you wanted to go.

"They used to have excursions to Berlin and to Portland and you paid 75¢ for a round trip," Charlotte continues. "They used to have crowds! A lot of people went down to Portland and would go out to Old Orchard."

Despite physical and social changes Charlotte says Norway has remained much the same as it was 90 years ago.

"There was a collection of people then," she says, smiling, "same as we have today. And Main Street remains about the same. The line-up of the businesses is the same. The only change is that one comes in and another leaves. Yes, Main Street remains about the same."

Fortunately, however, the paved road encourages very little mud. □

Wixson is a freelance journalist and former Lewiston Daily Sun reporter.

You don't say



The Woodsman's Dinner Pail

Yankee ingenuity reached some sort of a peak in bygone days when some unknown woodsman, or perhaps his wife, created the woodsman's dinner pail. Made of metal, the pail held at its bottom the all important supply of coffee. Into another container on top of the coffee went the hearty food, usually a layer of baked beans, since the woodsman would rather have then than anything else. Next came a layer of sandwiches. The contents were topped off with dessert, preferably pie. And when the woodsman left for the woods in the early morning hours, he made sure not to forget to take his noon meal with him.

After hours of powerful manual labor, falling, trimming and hauling trees with the basic tools of early logging days, the woodsman would build a campfire. The dinner pail, its handle over a rugged stick, would be hung above the flames. The whole unit worked on the principal of a double boiler. The frozen coffee would thaw out and come to a rolling boil under the baked beans, heating the beans to juicy perfection. The heat from the beans would rise and thaw the sandwiches, and continue upwards to warm the pie.

When sufficient time had elapsed to complete the above process with no muss, fuss, pots or pans, the woodsman could, at his leisure, spread out a steaming repast and enjoy his noonday meal.

Then, crumbs were scraped off for the birds and the dinner pail returned to its original empty state, ready for filling for another day.

Canada jays used to follow the woods camps wherever they moved, probably for the scraps of food. If a woodsman became lost, he'd follow a Canada, or woods jay, because he knew the bird was always headed toward a camp somewhere and would lead him there.

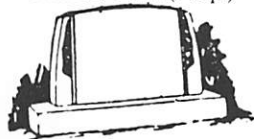
The story is also told of a chick-a-dee who waited every day for one particular woodsman to eat his dinner. As soon as the cover was taken off the dinner pail by the woodsman the chick-a-dee would hop right in. It became a habit of the woodsman's wife to add a cracker with peanut butter to the contents of the dinner pail just especially for the black-capped panhandler. The woodsman, who was an old fellow, mentioned the bird's activity to a neighbor who expressed disbelief, saying that he didn't believe 'any such yarn as that.'

One sunny day the neighbor gave in and went to the woods with the woodsman. Just before reaching the landing the chick-a-dee lit on his cap, rode the rest of the way in, and at lunch time had its cracker and peanut butter. This made, of the neighbor, a believer; and added to the other virtues of a woodsman's dinner pail that of a bird feeder.

Alice Parks

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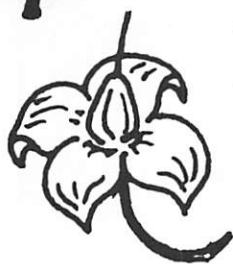
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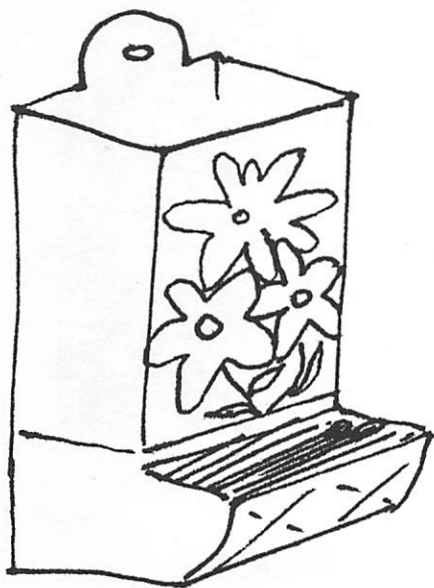
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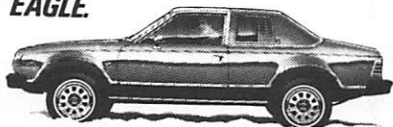
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